

EASTMAN AND LAIRD'S TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES

IDW

#5 • CVR A



COLOR CLASSICS



TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES

COLOR CLASSICS

STORY AND ART:

KEVIN EASTMAN AND PETER LAIRD

COLORS:

TOM SMITH'S SCORPION STUDIOS

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nickelodeon

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EASTMAN AND LAIRD'S TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES

CO-STARRING: **FUGITOID**

KEVIN EASTMAN AND PETER LAIRD
CO-CREATORS / WRITERS / ARTISTS
LETTERING: STEVE LAVIGNE

UNH! I FEEL
LIKE I'VE BEEN
TURNED INSIDE
OUT AND BACK
AGAIN!

WHAT HAPPENED? THAT
LIGHT -- THE STRANGE LAB--
THOSE WEIRD ROBOT
ALIENS -- ? WHERED
THEY GO?

I DON'T KNOW,
BUT WE'VE
GOT NEW
COMPANY--
AND THEY
DON'T LOOK
TOO FRIENDLY
EITHER!



WELL, BEFORE
THEIR TRIGGER
FINGERS GET
TOO ITCHY--

HITÉM!
HAI!!!

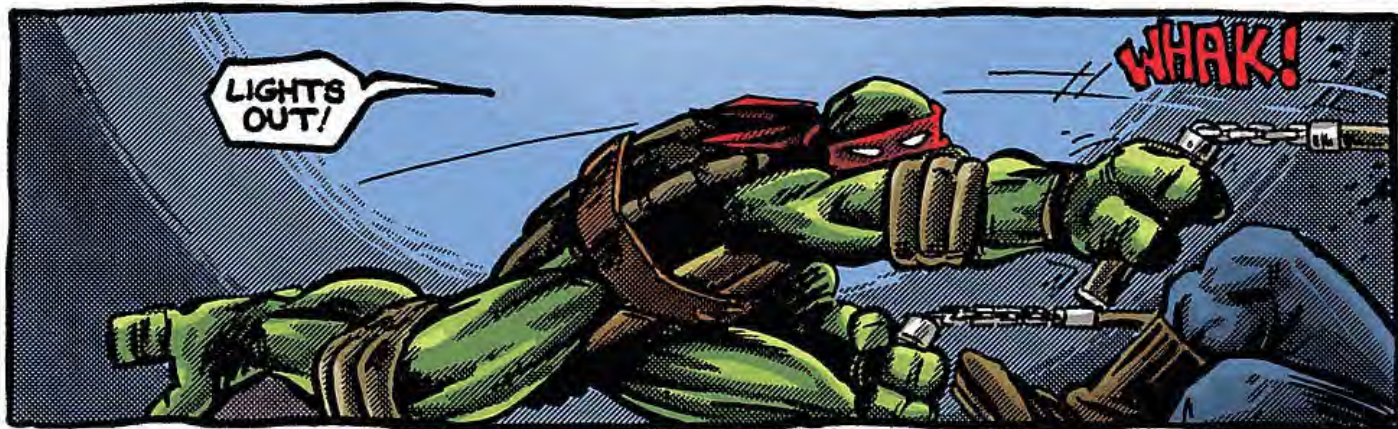
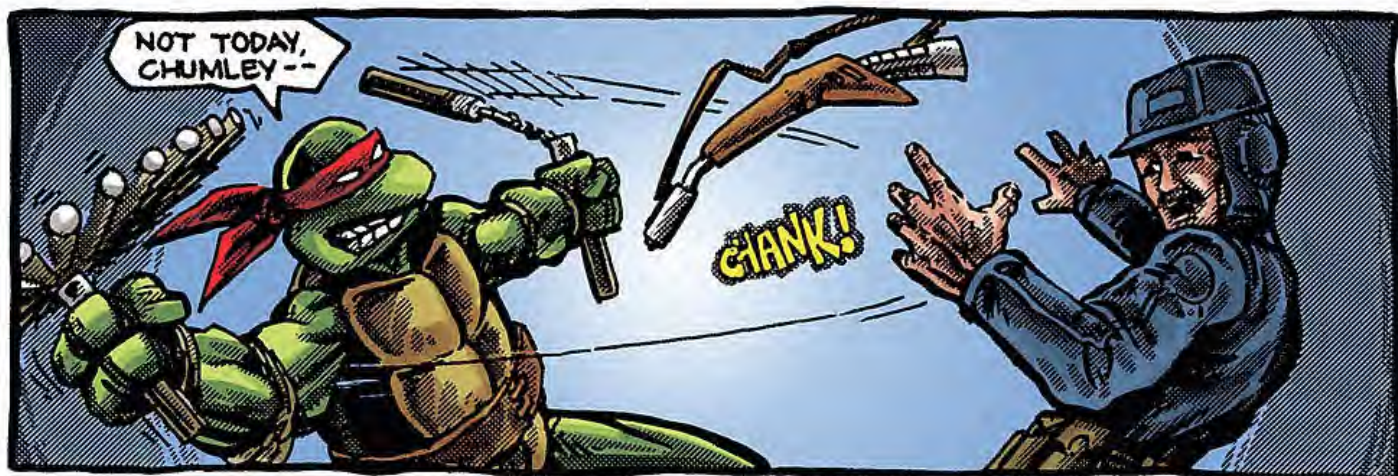




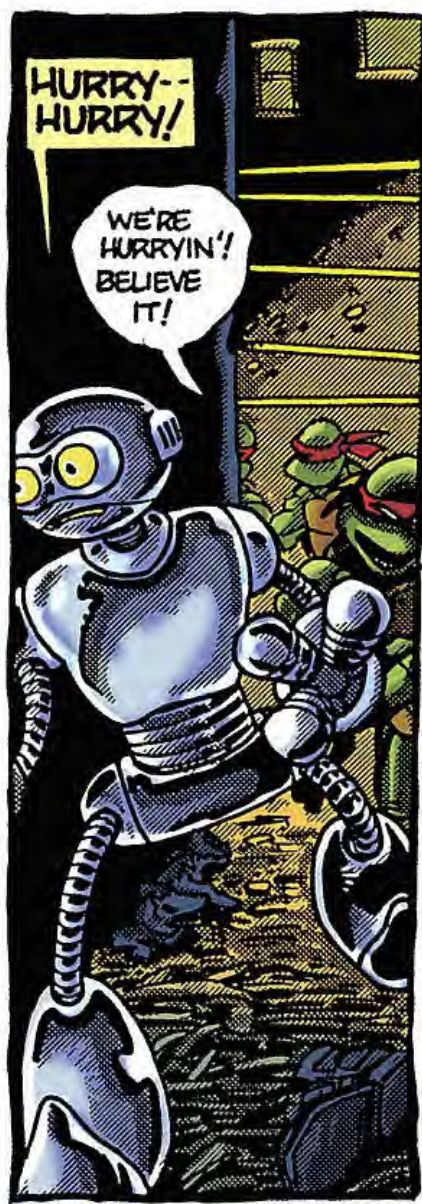
MIKE!
BE CAREFUL
OF THAT
ARM!

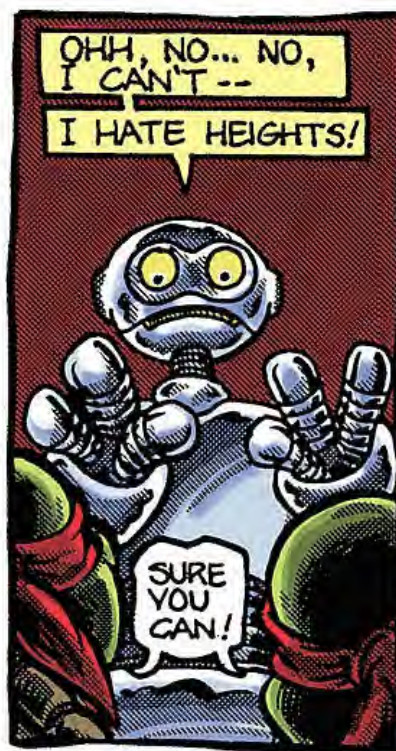
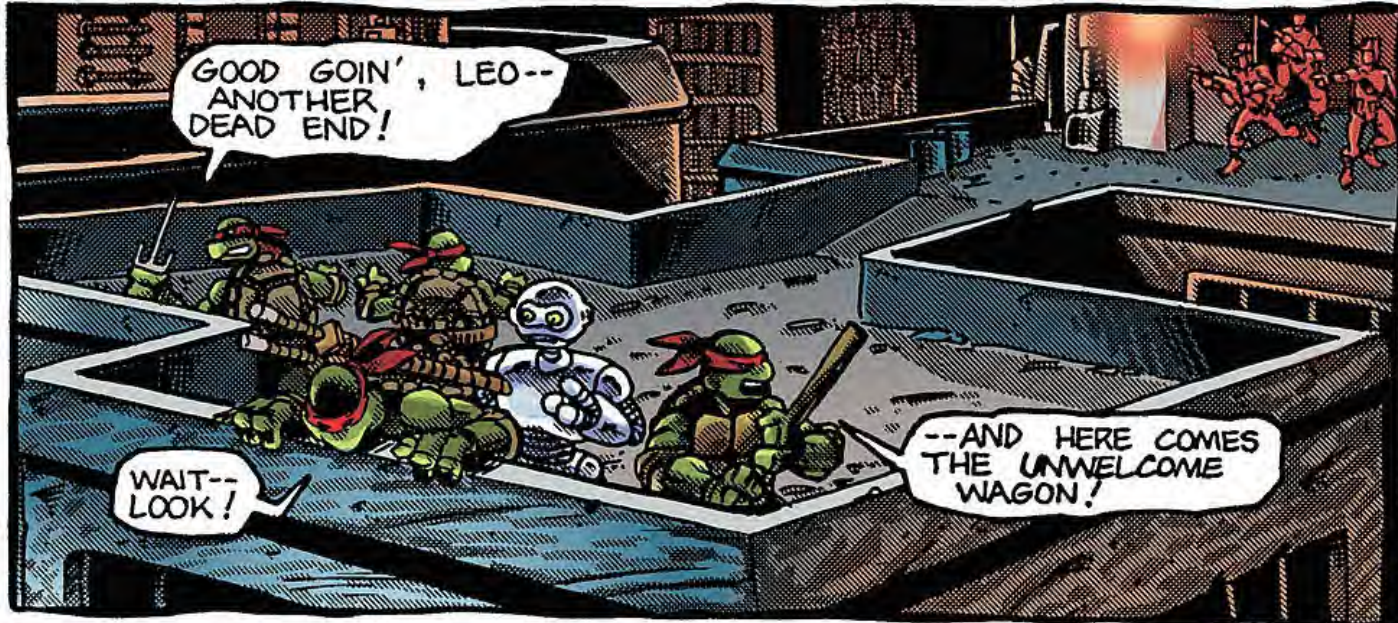
DONATELLO,
RAPHAEL--
COVER MY
FLANKS!
I'M GOING
STRAIGHT
THROUGH!

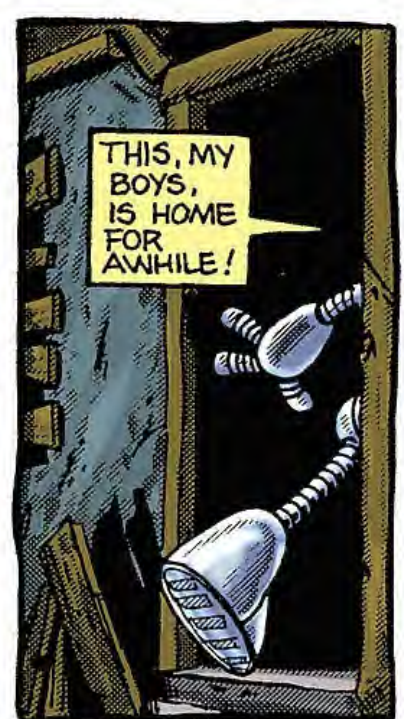
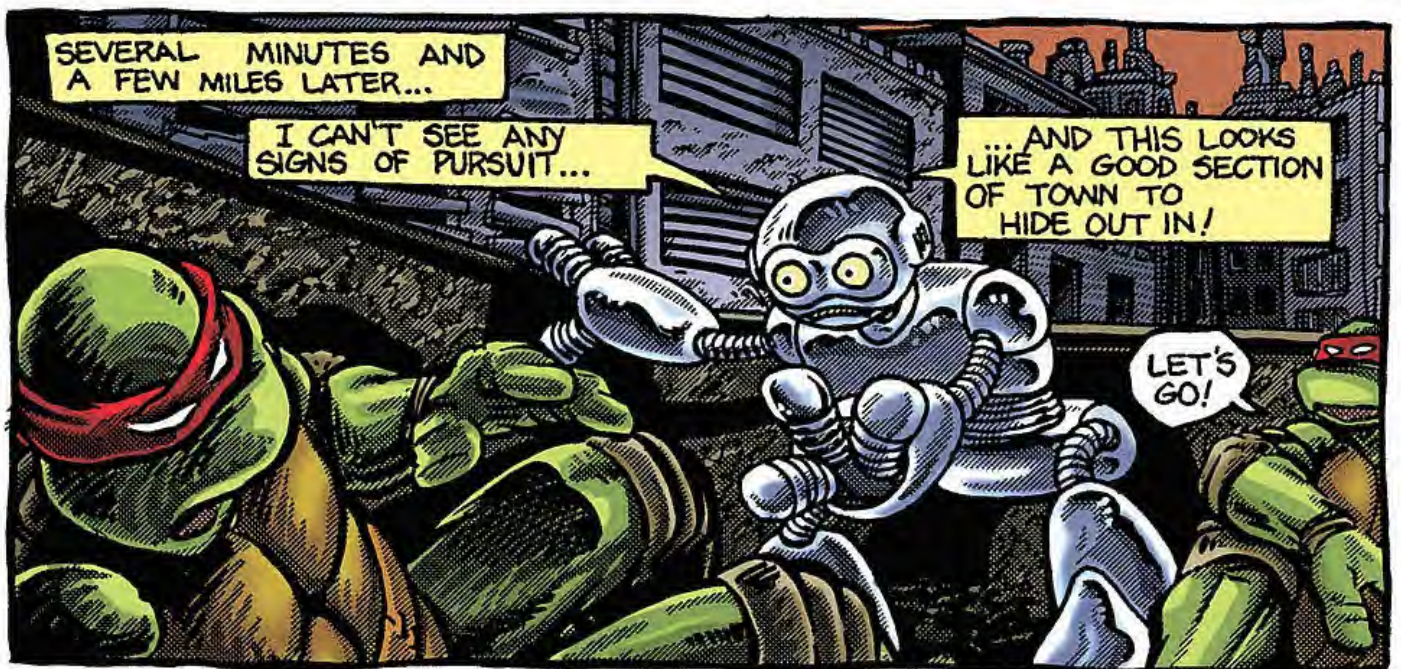
HMM...THESE STRANGE
CREATURES ARE HELPING
ME, EVEN IF UNINTEN-
TIONALLY -- BY DIS-
TRACTING GENERAL
BLANQUE'S TROOPS,
I'LL HAVE A CHANCE
TO MAKE A
BREAK!

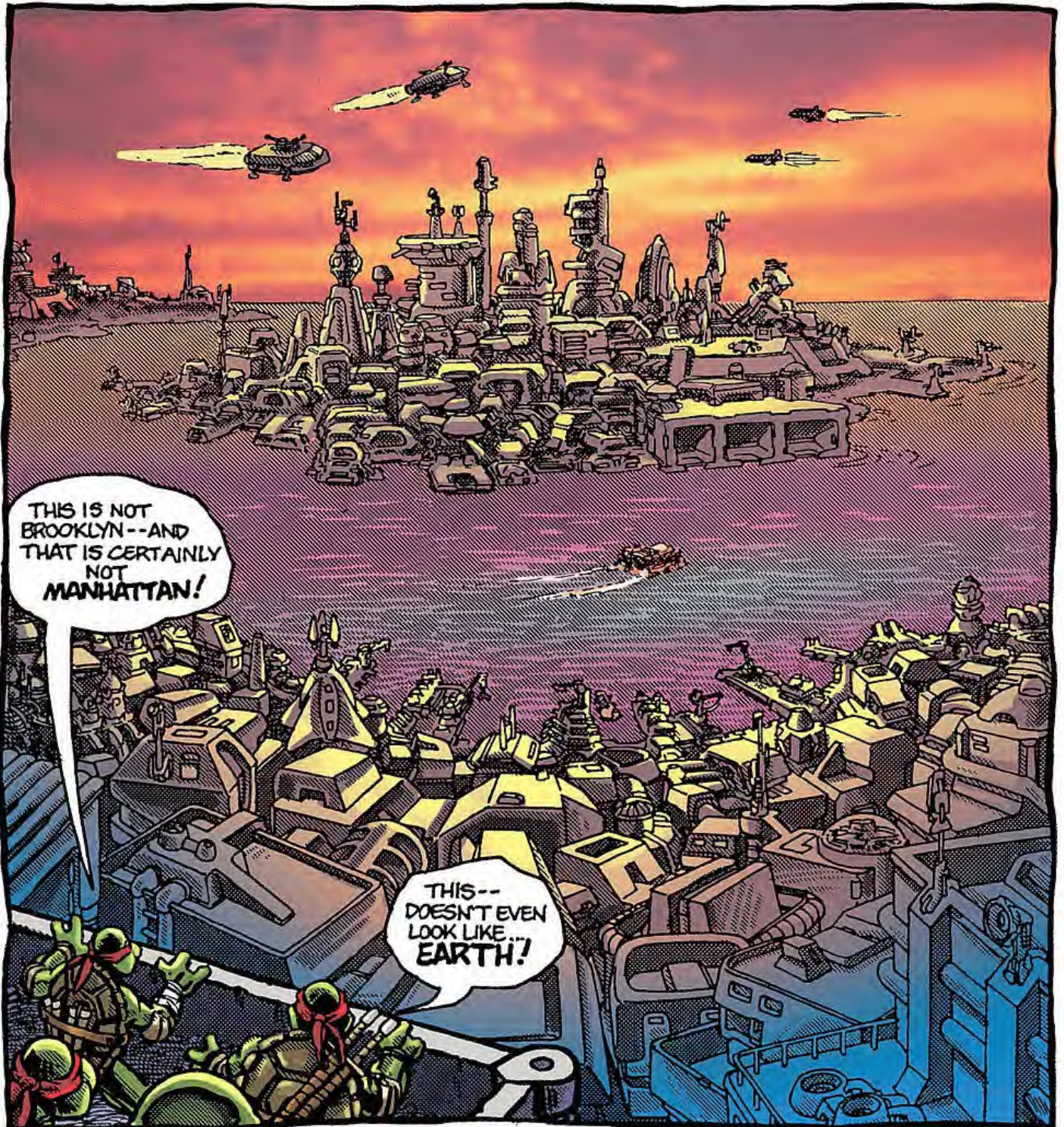
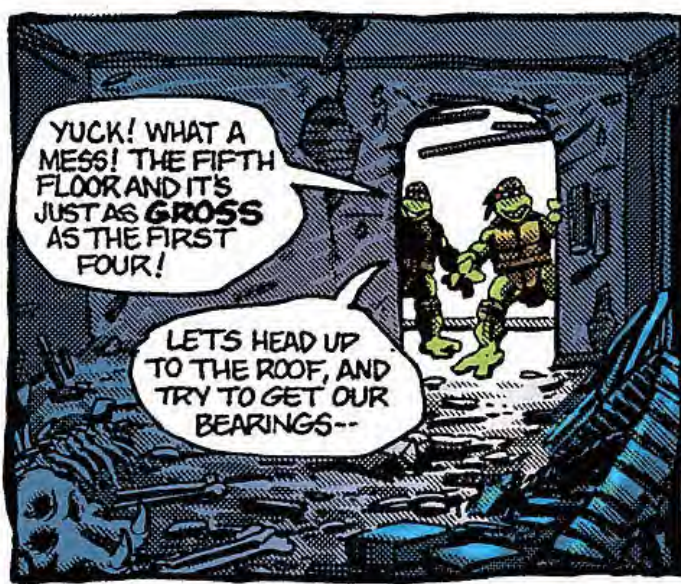


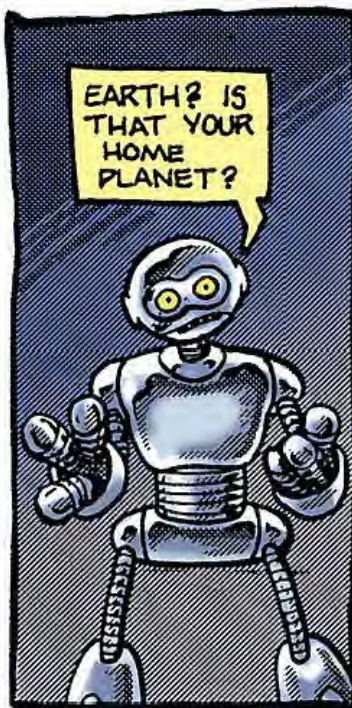










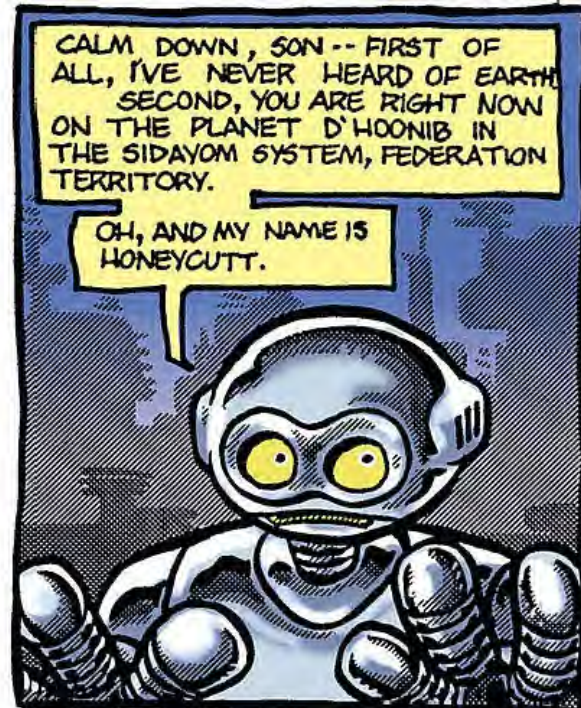


EARTH? IS THAT YOUR HOME PLANET?



HOME PLANET..?!
WHAT'S THIS "HOME PLANET" CRAP!!

WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO TELL US?!!!



CALM DOWN, SON -- FIRST OF ALL, I'VE NEVER HEARD OF EARTH. SECOND, YOU ARE RIGHT NOW ON THE PLANET D'HOONIB IN THE SIDAYOM SYSTEM, FEDERATION TERRITORY.

OH, AND MY NAME IS HONEYCUTT.



I WANT TO THANK YOU FELLOWS FOR HELPING ME OUT BACK THERE...

...AND VICE VERSA... UH... HONEYCUTT! BY THE WAY, I'M LEONARDO!

RAPHAEL!

MICHAELANGELO!

DONATELLO!

WHAT I'D LIKE TO KNOW IS: HOW'D WE GET HERE, AND HOW DO WE GET BACK HOME? IT SEEMS LIKE JUST MINUTES AGO THAT WE HAD FOUND OUR MASTER, SPLINTER, IN THE T.C.R.I. LAB, AND WERE FIGHTING TO RESCUE HIM FROM HIS WEIRD CAPTORS...

...AND WE RETREATED INTO A ROOM NEAR A...A...**TRANSLOCATION DEVICE**, I THINK THEY CALLED IT. NEXT THING I KNOW, WE'RE IN AN ALLEY WITH YOU AND THOSE GOONS!



A WHAT..?

WHAT KIND OF DEVICE?



A TRANSLLOCATION
DEVICE -- YOU KNOW
WHAT THAT IS?

HMM... VERY INTER-
ESTING... YES, I
SEE... IT ADDS
UP...

WHAT DO
YOU MEAN?



IF I'M RIGHT, YOU WERE
CAUGHT IN THE BEAM
MATRIX OF A TRANSMAT MA-
CHINE-- A DEVICE WHICH INSTAN-
TANEOUSLY TRANSMITS MATTER
OVER VAST DISTANCES. SOME-
HOW, IT SENT YOU HERE!

I WAS WORKING ON A SIMILAR
DEVICE BEFORE--



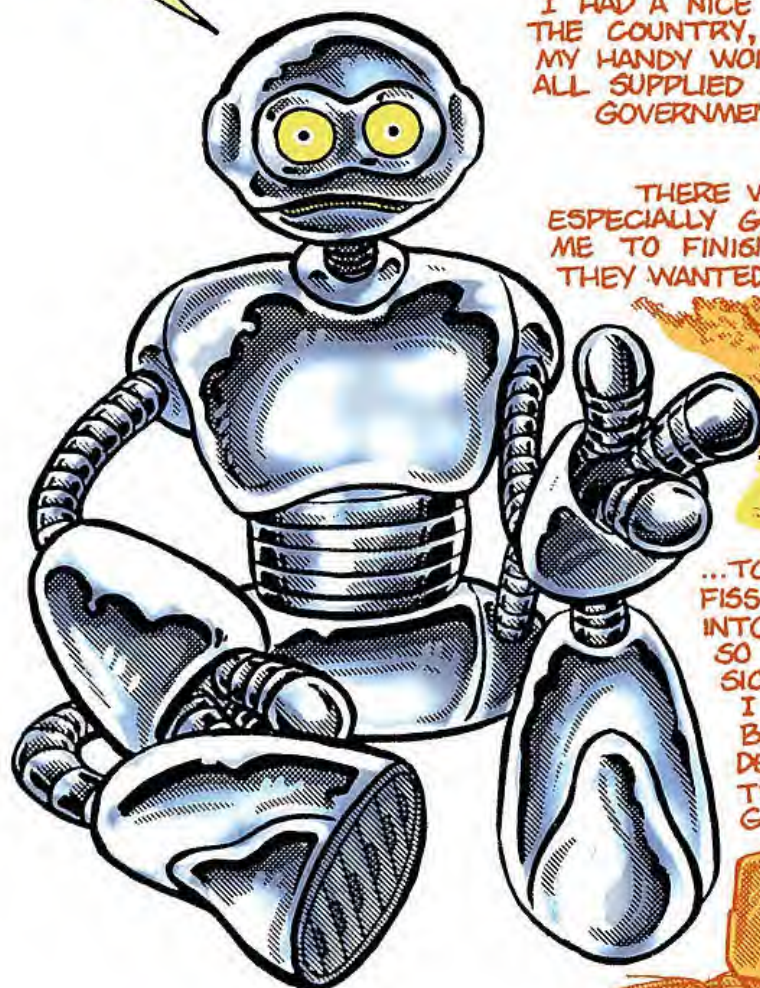
YOU WERE?! THEN
YOU CAN GET US
BACK HOME--?!

YEAH!

LET'S GET
STARTED!

HOLD ON
NOW-- IT'S
NOT THAT
SIMPLE...

MY TRANSMAT DEVICE EXISTS
ONLY IN MY MIND, AND... OH
WELL, I SHOULD JUST START
AT THE BEGINNING...

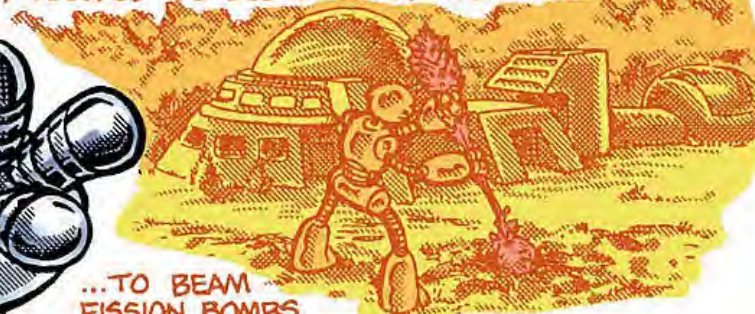


YOU SEE, I AM NOT REALLY A ROBOT.
UP UNTIL A COUPLE OF DAYS AGO, I
WAS A SEMI-RETIRED SCIENTIST WOR-
KING ON A FEW PET PROJECTS...

I HAD A NICE LAB OUT IN
THE COUNTRY, AND SAL,
MY HANDY WORKER ROBOT...
ALL SUPPLIED BY THE
GOVERNMENT.

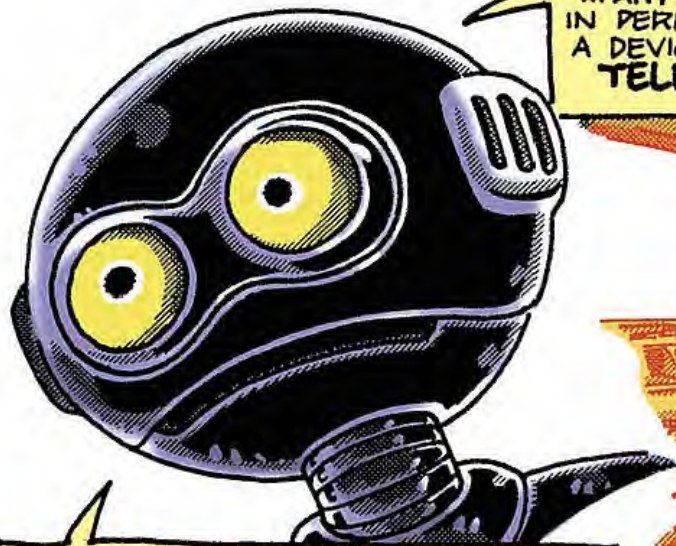


THERE WAS A CATCH: THE MILITARY--
ESPECIALLY GENERAL BLANQUE-- WAS AFTER
ME TO FINISH MY TRANSMAT PROTOTYPE.
THEY WANTED TO USE IT AS A WEAPON...



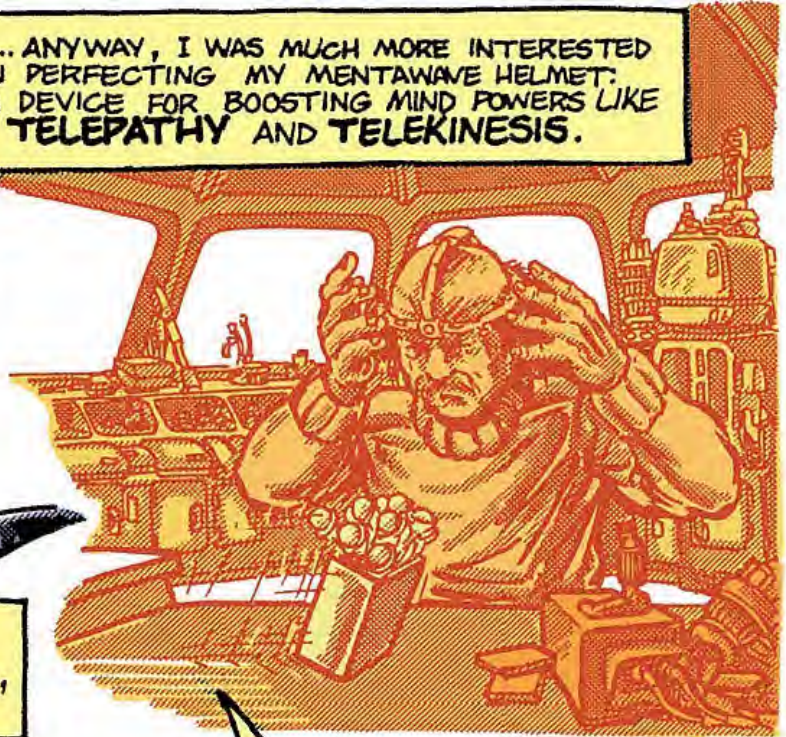
...TO BEAM
FISSION BOMBS
INTO ENEMY SHIPS AND
SO FORTH. THIS IDEA
SICKENED ME, AND
I RESISTED BY
BEING SLOW TO
DEVELOP THE PROTO-
TYPE... TOO SLOW FOR
GENERAL BLANQUE...



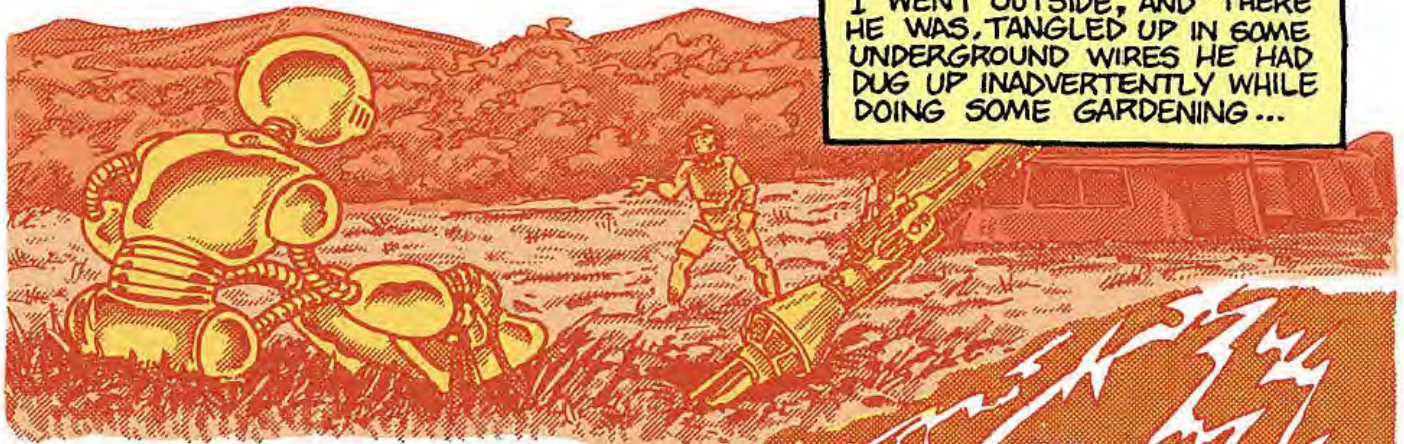


... ANYWAY, I WAS MUCH MORE INTERESTED IN PERFECTING MY MENTAWAVE HELMET: A DEVICE FOR BOOSTING MIND POWERS LIKE **TELEPATHY** AND **TELEKINESIS**.

I HAD JUST FINISHED A SUCCESSFUL TEST OF THE MENTAWAVE, WHEN I HEARD A DISTRESS CALL FROM SAL, MY WORKER ROBOT...



I WENT OUTSIDE, AND THERE HE WAS, TANGLED UP IN SOME UNDERGROUND WIRES HE HAD DUG UP INADVERTENTLY WHILE DOING SOME GARDENING...

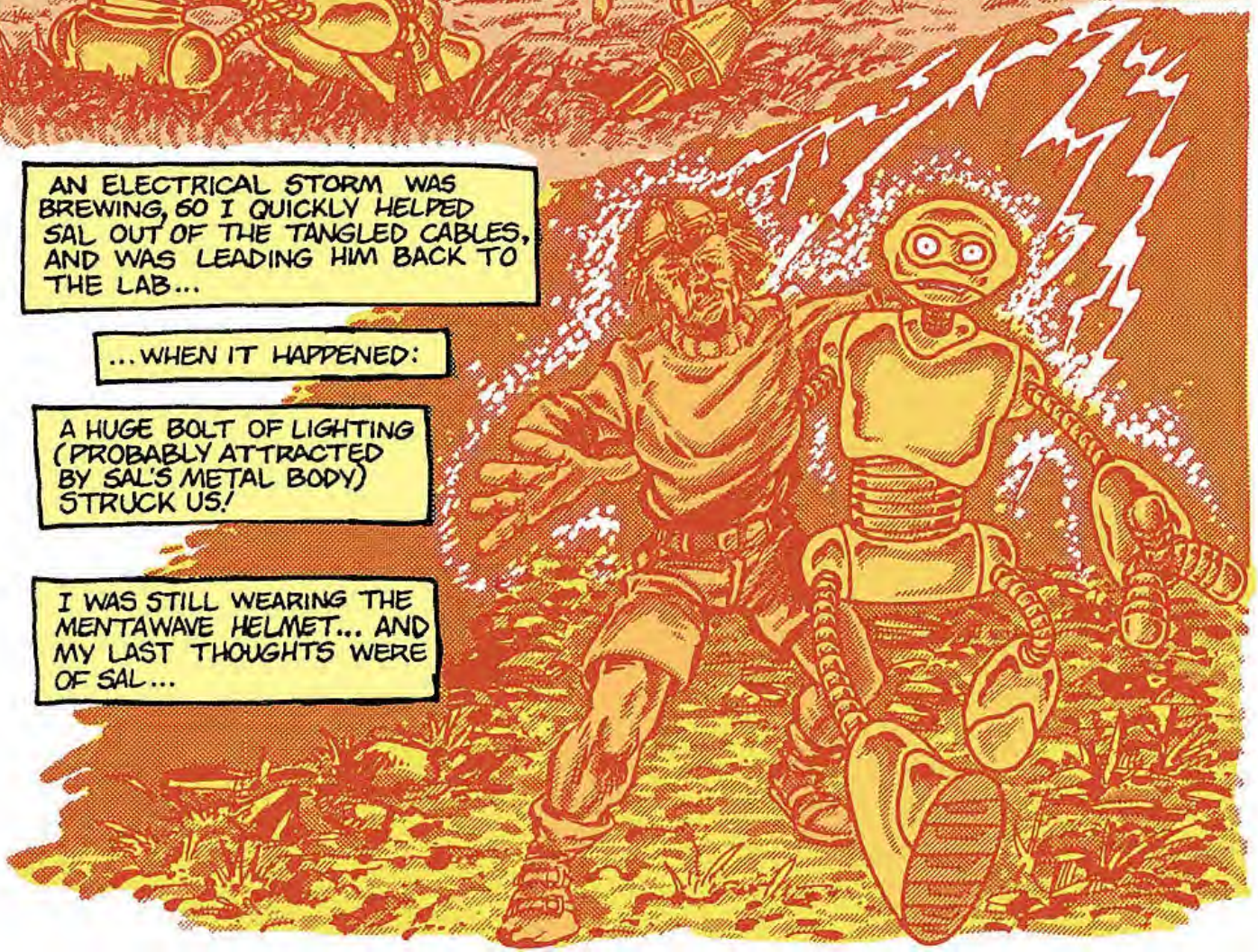


AN ELECTRICAL STORM WAS BREWING, SO I QUICKLY HELPED SAL OUT OF THE TANGLED CABLES, AND WAS LEADING HIM BACK TO THE LAB...

... WHEN IT HAPPENED:

A HUGE BOLT OF LIGHTING (PROBABLY ATTRACTED BY SAL'S METAL BODY) STRUCK US!

I WAS STILL WEARING THE MENTAWAVE HELMET... AND MY LAST THOUGHTS WERE OF SAL...



WHEN I FINALLY
CAME BACK TO
CONSCIOUSNESS, I
FOUND MY
PHYSICAL BEING
HAD CHANGED...
MY HUMAN
BODY WAS DEAD
BURNED TO
A CINDER!

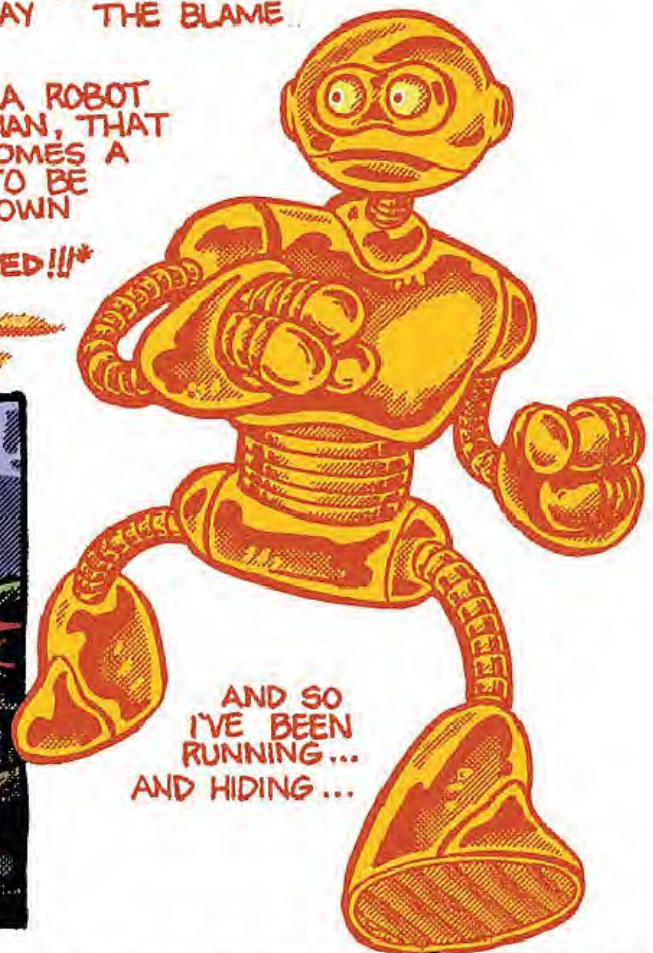


BUT, BY THE FREAK
POWER SURGE IN
THE MENTAWAVE,
MY MIND LIVED
ON... TRANS-
FERRED TO
AND TRAPPED
IN SAL'S
ROBOT BODY!

SINCE THEN IT'S GONE
FROM BAD TO WORSE -- GENERAL
BLANQUE, FINDING MY BURNED
HUMAN BODY, LAY THE BLAME
ON SAL!

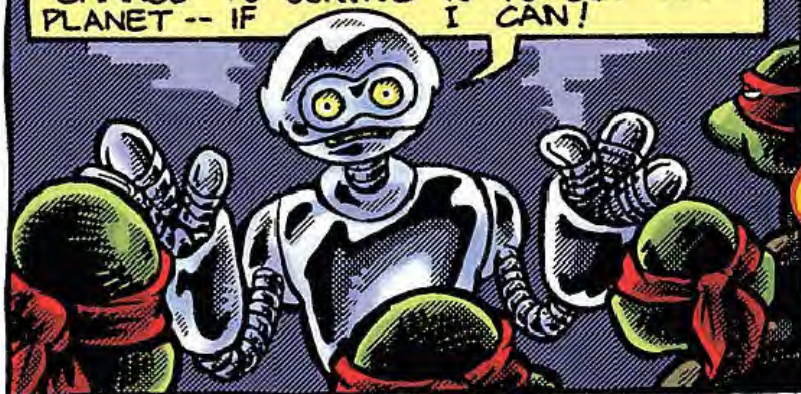


AND WHEN A ROBOT
KILLS A HUMAN, THAT
ROBOT BECOMES A
ROGUE -- TO BE
HUNTED DOWN
AND
TERMINATED!!!*



AND SO
I'VE BEEN
RUNNING...
AND HIDING...

... AND EVENTUALLY CAME HERE!
PEBLAK HAS THE ONLY SPACEPORT ON
D'HOONIB ... AND I FIGURE MY BEST
CHANCE TO SURVIVE IS TO GET OFF-
PLANET -- IF I CAN!



WELL, THAT SETTLES
IT ...

... WE'RE ALL IN THE SAME
BOAT -- ALL WANTED BY
THE AUTHORITIES! WE'VE
GOT TO STICK TOGETHER
TO GET OUT OF HERE!



* OF COURSE HONEYCUTT DOESN'T KNOW THAT GENERAL BLANQUE
IS NOW AWARE OF HIS "CONDITION" ... AND THAT BLANQUE HAS CLASSIFIED
THE ROBOT AS A **FUGITOID**, TO BE CAPTURED UNHARMED. IN THAT
WAY, BLANQUE CAN EXPLOIT HONEYCUTT'S MIND, AND NO ONE
WILL COMPLAIN -- FOR, AFTER ALL, ROBOTS HAVE NO RIGHTS!!!

A FEW HOURS
LATER ...

YOU SURE THIS IS
THE RIGHT WAY?

YES... MY SENSORS
"SMELL" SALT WATER...
AND THE SPACEPORT
IS NEAR THE SEAPORT.

ANY
TROOPS?

LOOKS
CLEAR--
LETS GO!

WHAT A DRAG ... HERE
WE ARE IN A CITY FULL
OF FUNKY - LOOKING
ALIENS ...

WHY IS
THAT BAD?

gleep?

IT'S NOT! SEE, ON EARTH WE HAVE
TO HIDE BECAUSE WE'RE DIFFERENT...
SO WE FINALLY GET TO A PLACE
LIKE THIS WHERE WE CAN FIT
RIGHT IN AND WHAT HAPPENS?--
WE HAVE TO HIDE OUT 'CUZ WE'RE
AIDING AND ABETTING A FUGITIVE
FROM THE LAW! YOU CAN'T WIN...

I GUESS
NOT...

PORTNER ROY'S
SPACEPORT
JOCKEYBAR

HEY -- THIS BAR
LOOKS PROMISING!

IT SHOULD
SUFFICE ...

WATCH
YOUR
STEP
NO
TOUR
BOTS

MEANWHILE, IN PEBLAK BAY, IN THE ISLAND HEADQUARTERS OF GENERAL BLANQUE...

YOU WHAT?!

LOST HIM?!

HOW!!?

SIMULTANEOUSLY AT A SECRET TRICER-ATON BASE HIDDEN ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF PEBLAK...

WE MUST CAPTURE THIS HONEYCUTT ROBOT...

...WE MUST HAVE THE SECRET OF THE TRANSMAT WEAPON...

...ONCE WE HAVE IT-- NOTHING CAN STOP US!

SORRY, SIR-- BUT HE HAD HELP! THESE FOUR GREEN HUMANOID ALIENS BEAMED IN AND--

I DON'T CARE, SOLDIER! BE INCOMPETENT ON YOUR OWN TIME-- NOT IN MY SERVICE!

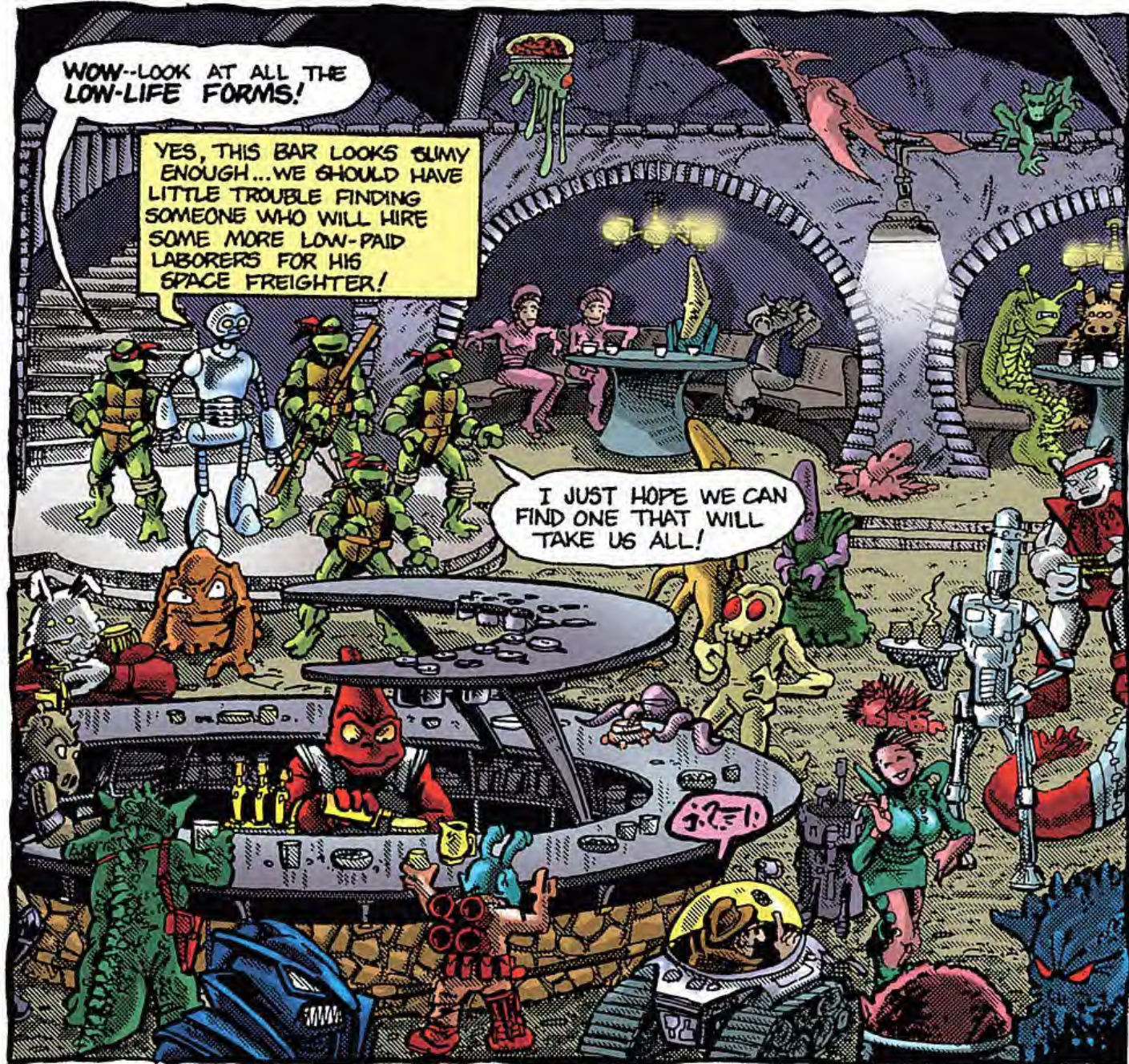
I WANT THAT FUGITOID!

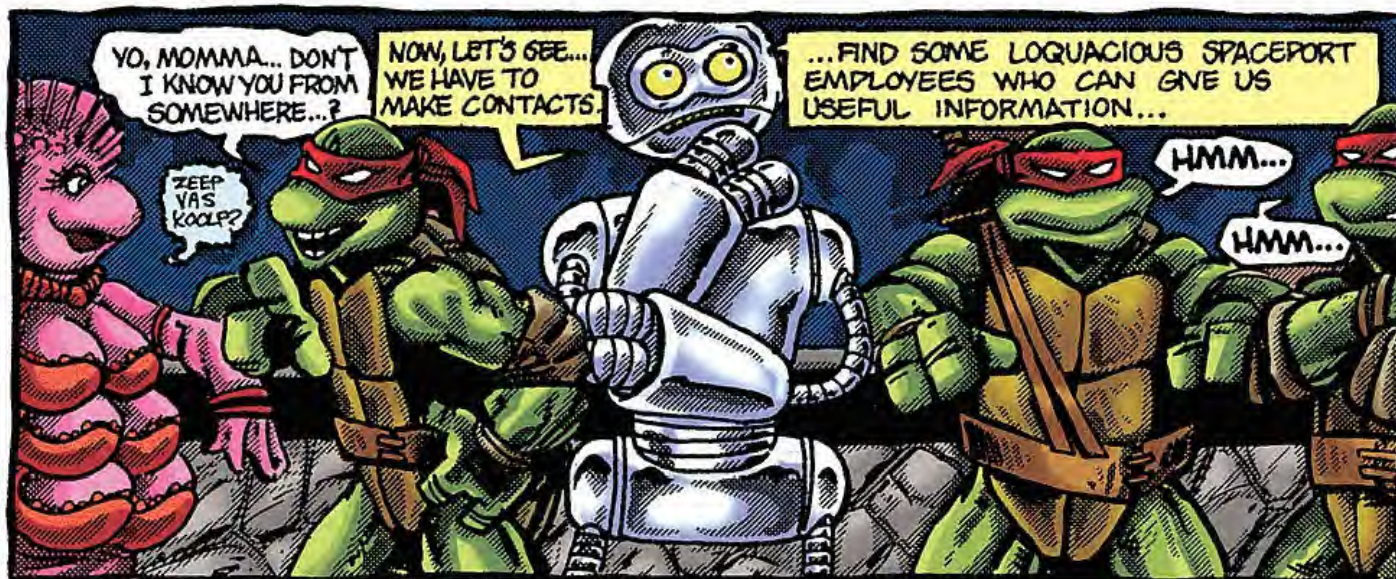
FIND HIM-- TEAR THIS CITY APART IF YOU HAVE TO-- BUT **FIND HIM !!!**

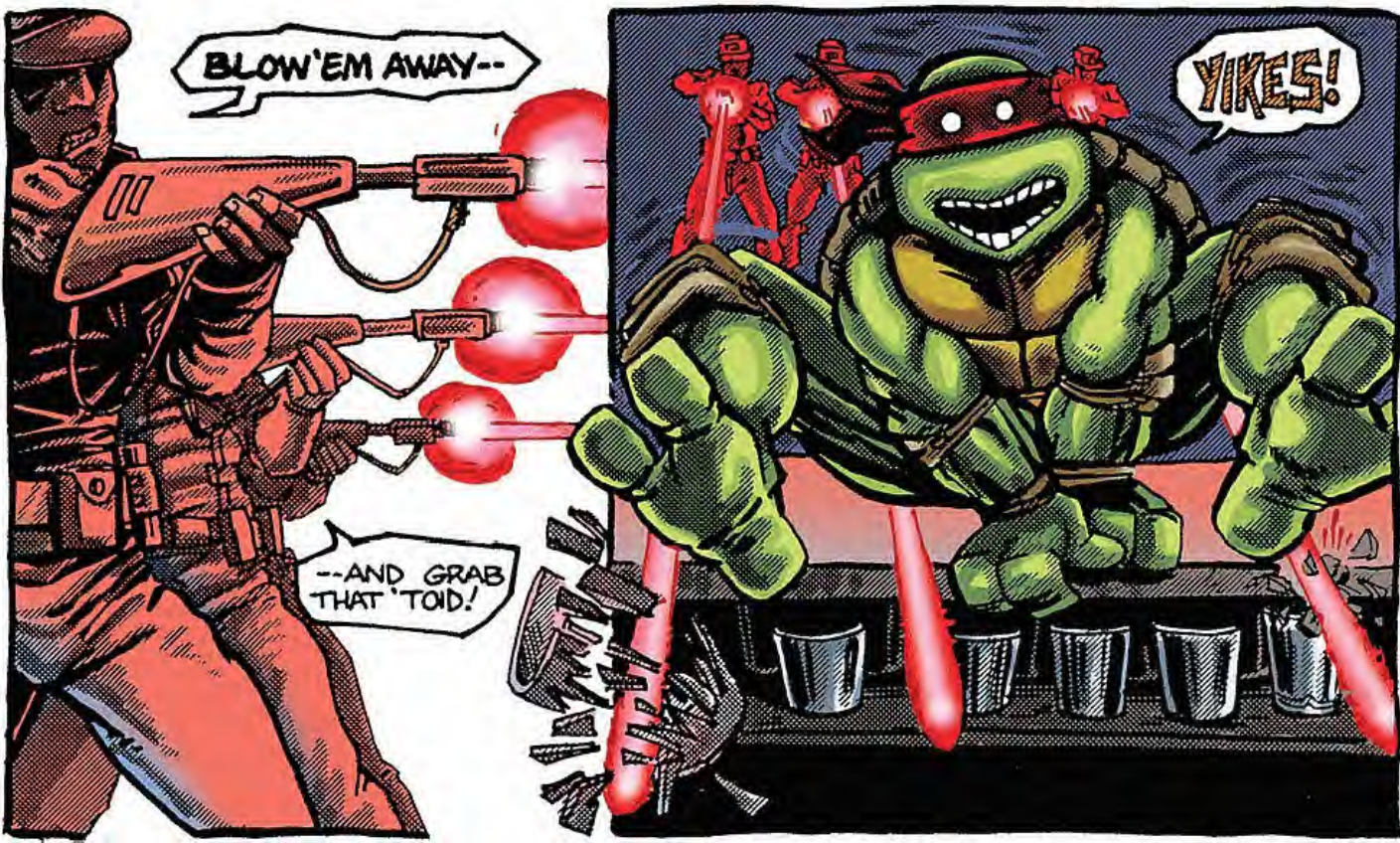
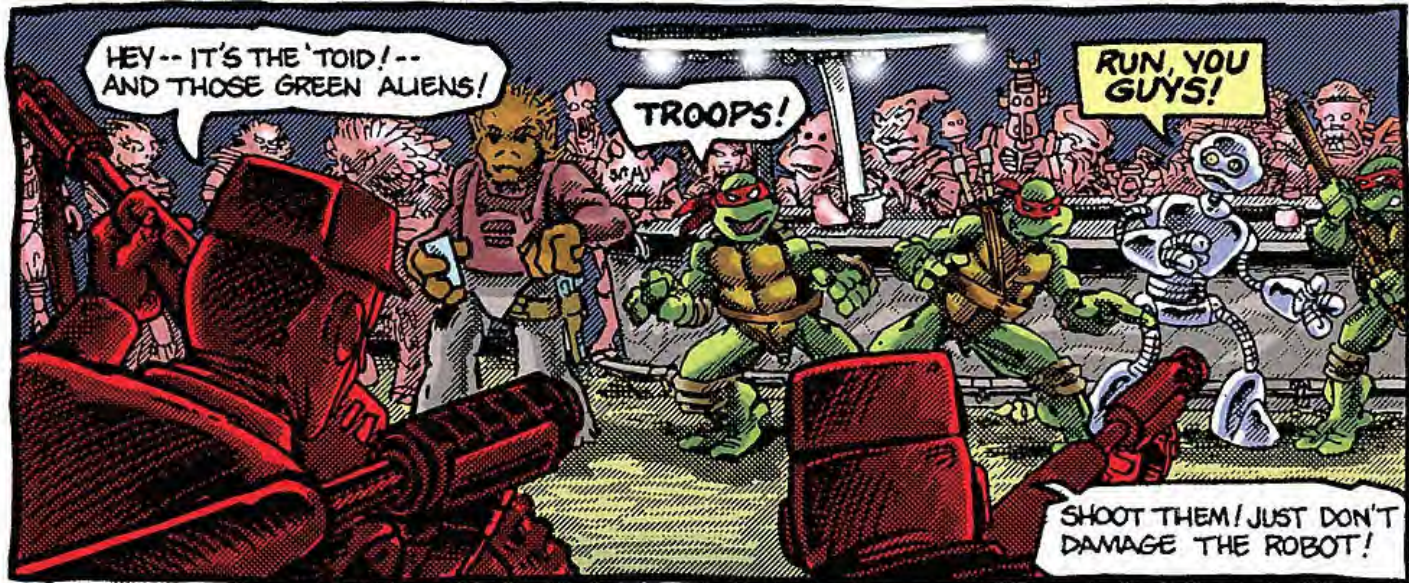
SIR! ONE OF OUR SPIES HAS SPOTTED THE ROBOT IN SECTOR B14!

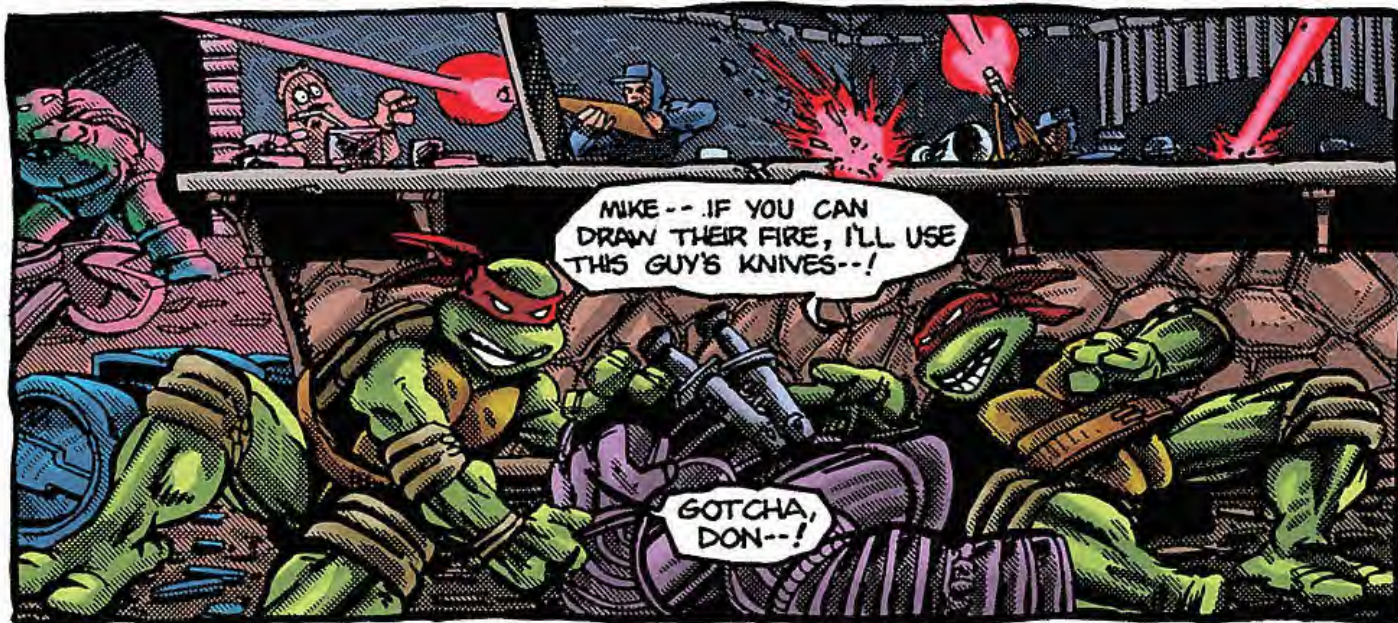
EXCELLENT! READY THE SHOCK COMMANDOS--

--WE WILL STRIKE AND BE GONE BEFORE THE FEDERATION TROOPS KNOW WHAT HAS HAPPENED!!!







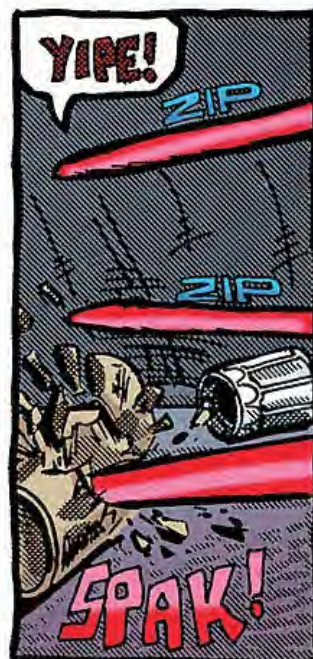


MIKE -- IF YOU CAN
DRAW THEIR FIRE, I'LL USE
THIS GUY'S KNIVES--!

GOTCHA,
DON--!



BLEAAP!



YIFE!

ZIP

SPAK!



YAI!



GUK--

GHAG!



I FEAR THAT ESCAPE IS
IMPROBABLE,
LEONARDO!

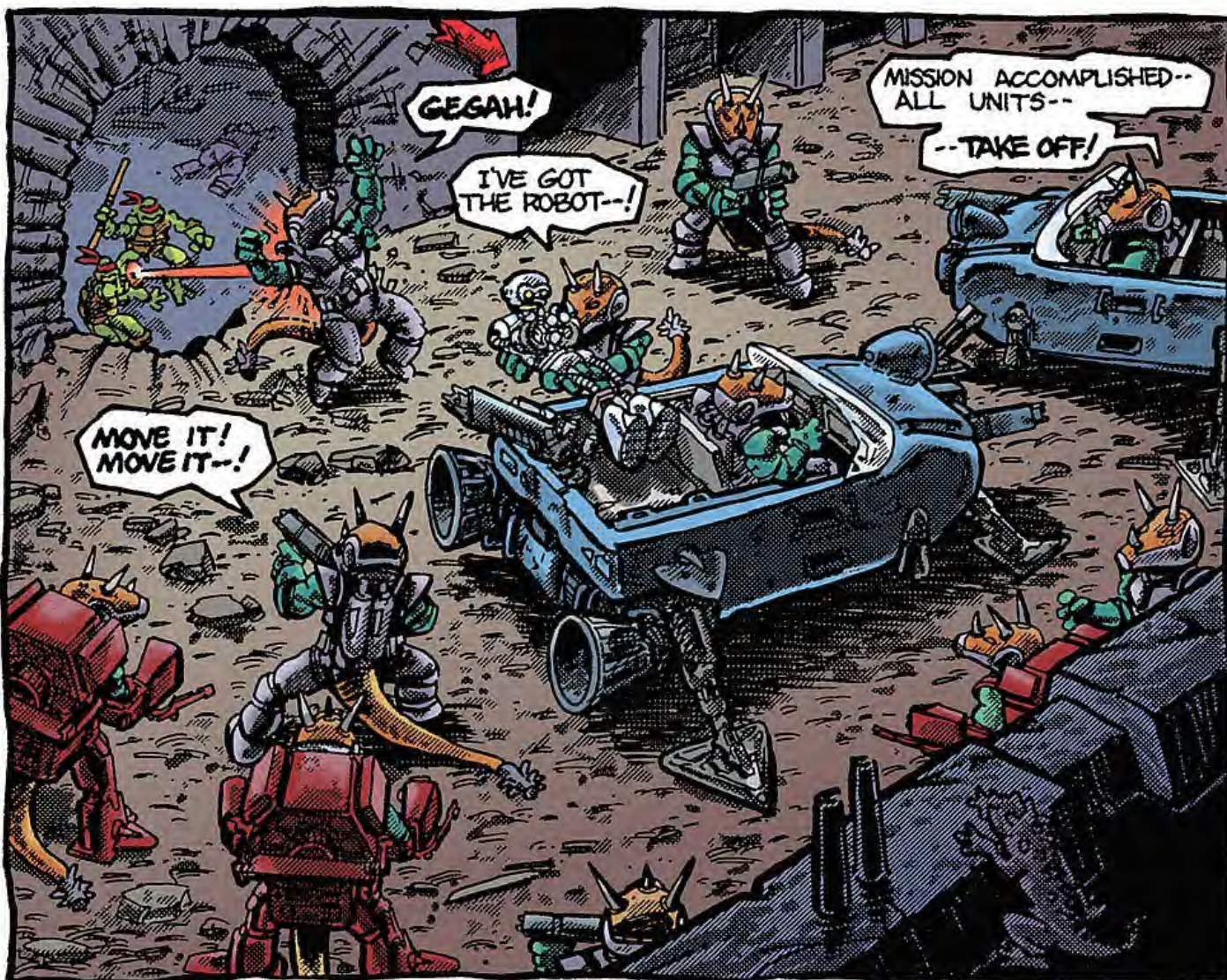
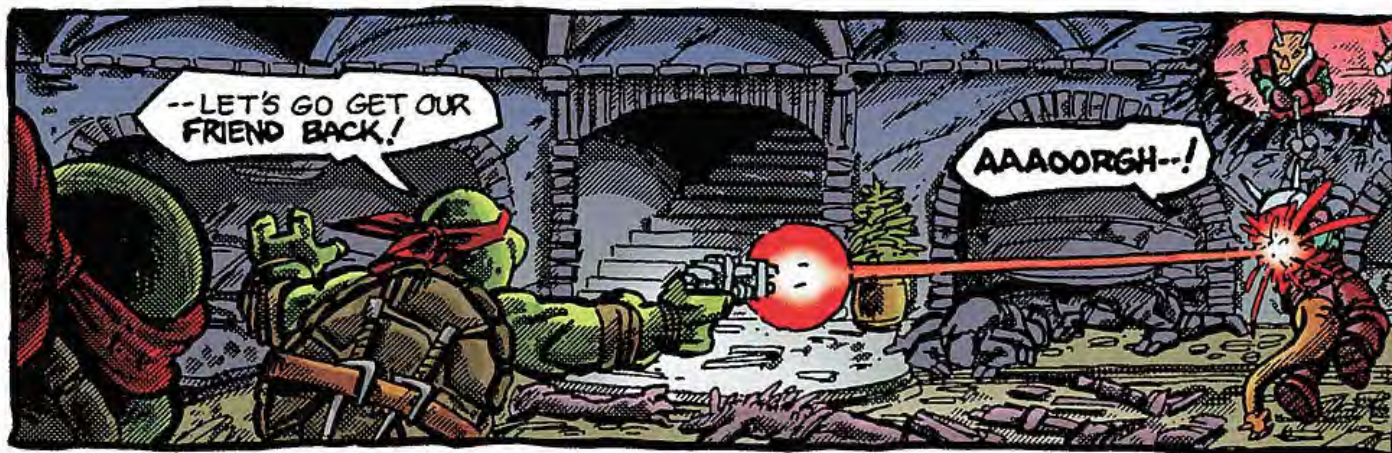
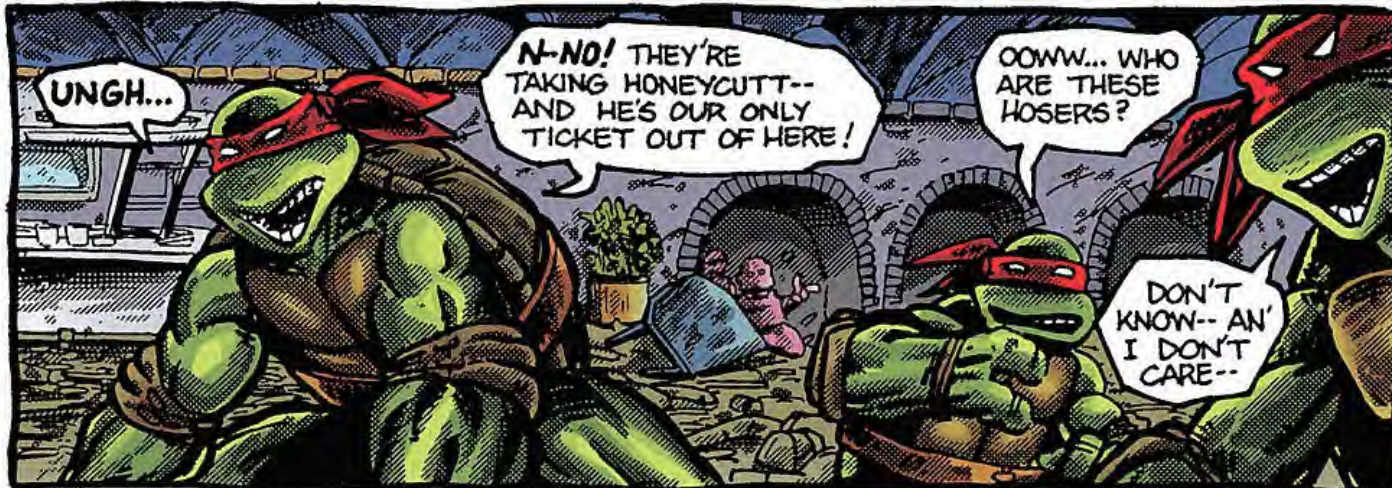
DON'T GIVE UP
YET... MAYBE
WE CAN **BLAST**
OUR WAY OUT!

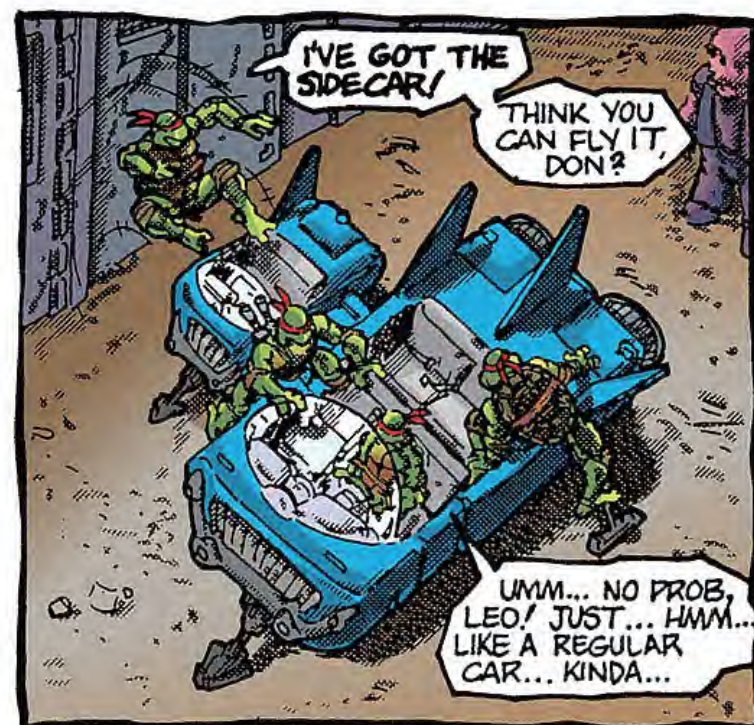
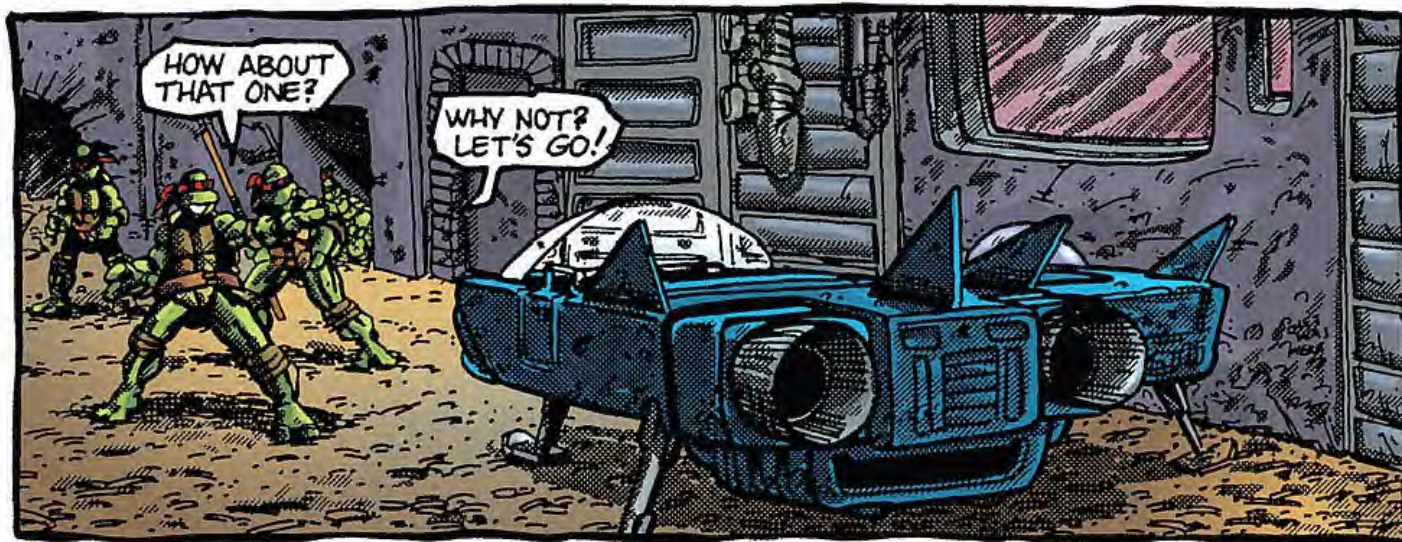
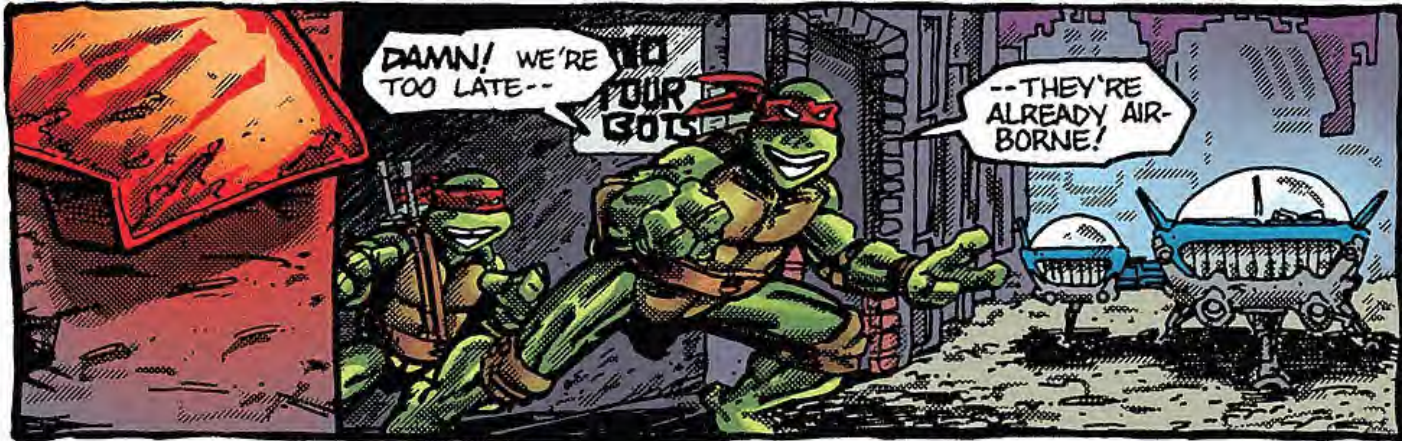


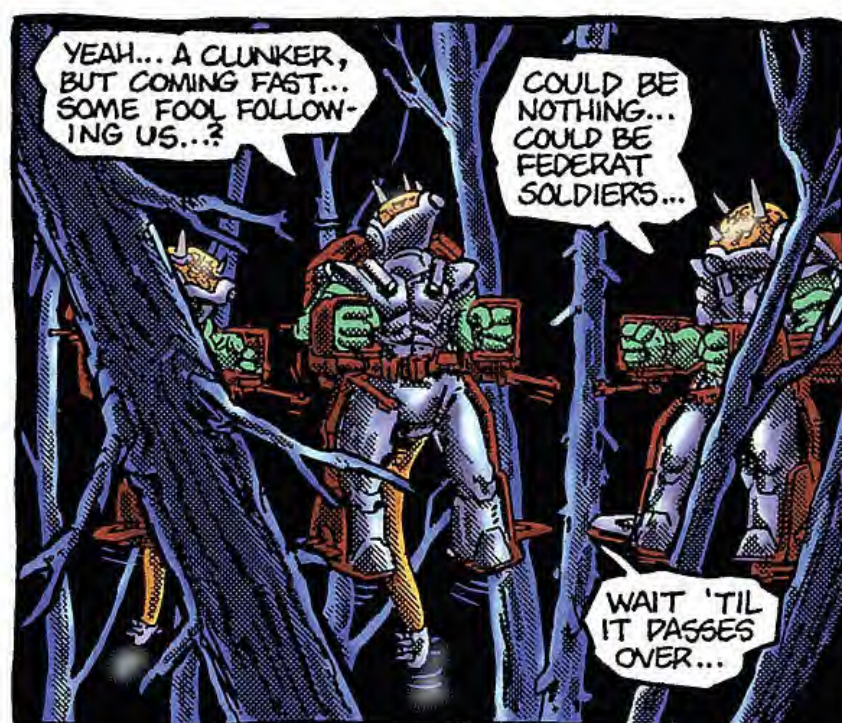
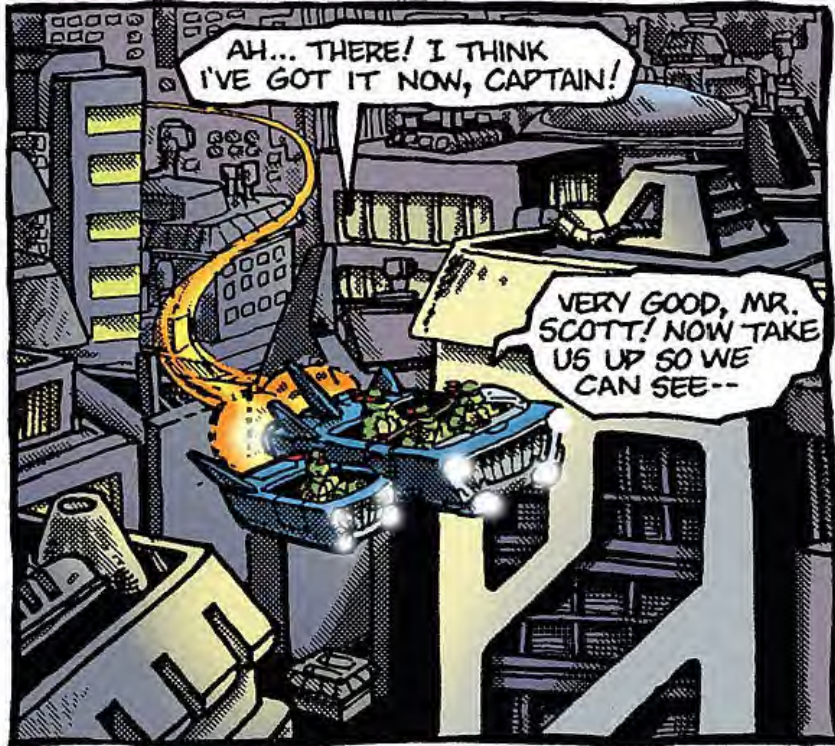
IF RAPHAEL
CAN USE ONE
OF THESE--

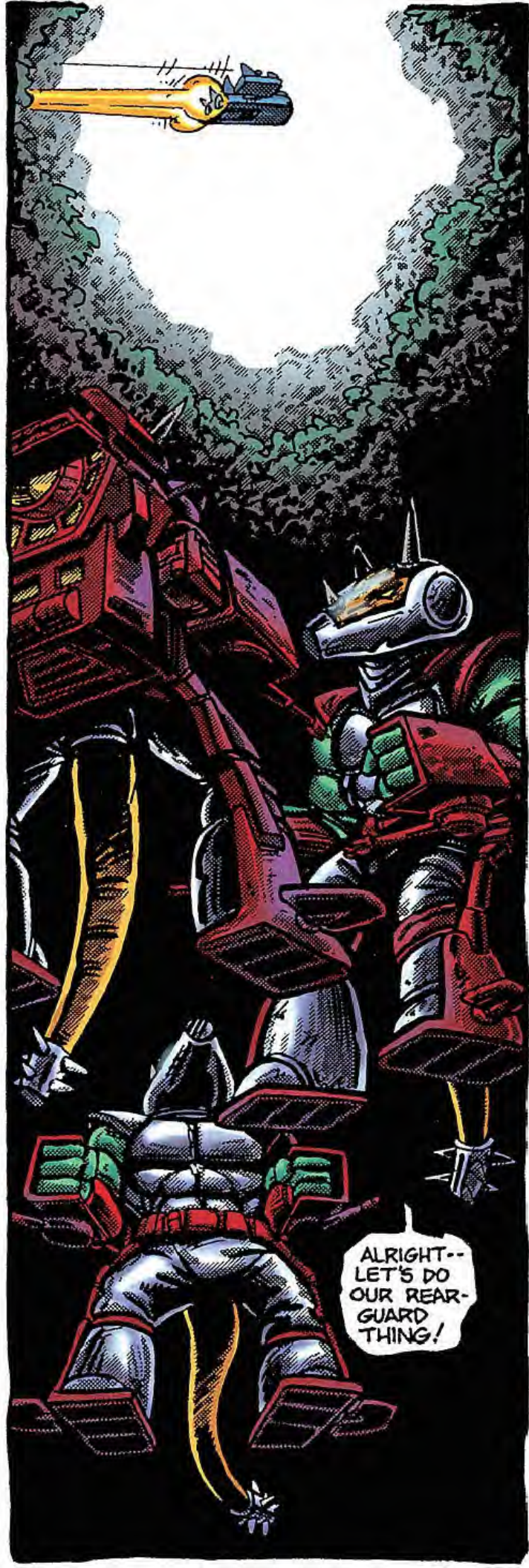
HMM... POINT...
PULL THE
TRIGGER...
AND...











ALRIGHT--
LET'S DO
OUR REAR-
GUARD
THING!

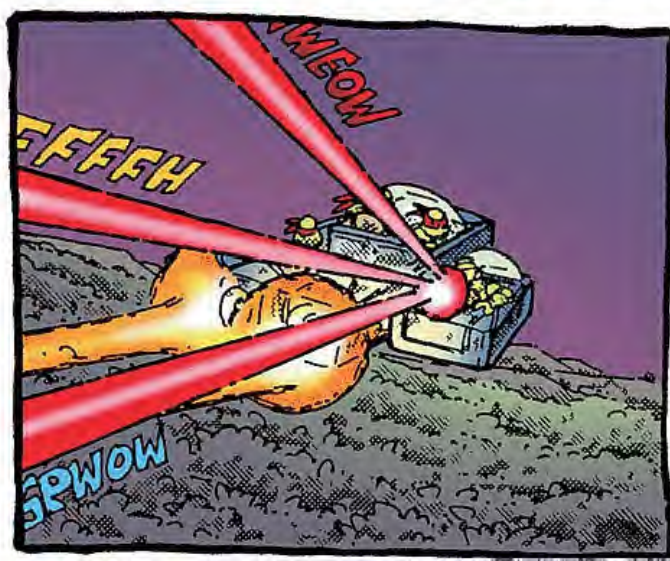


FAN OUT IN
ATTACK
FORMATION--!



UH-OH... BAD
COMPANY!

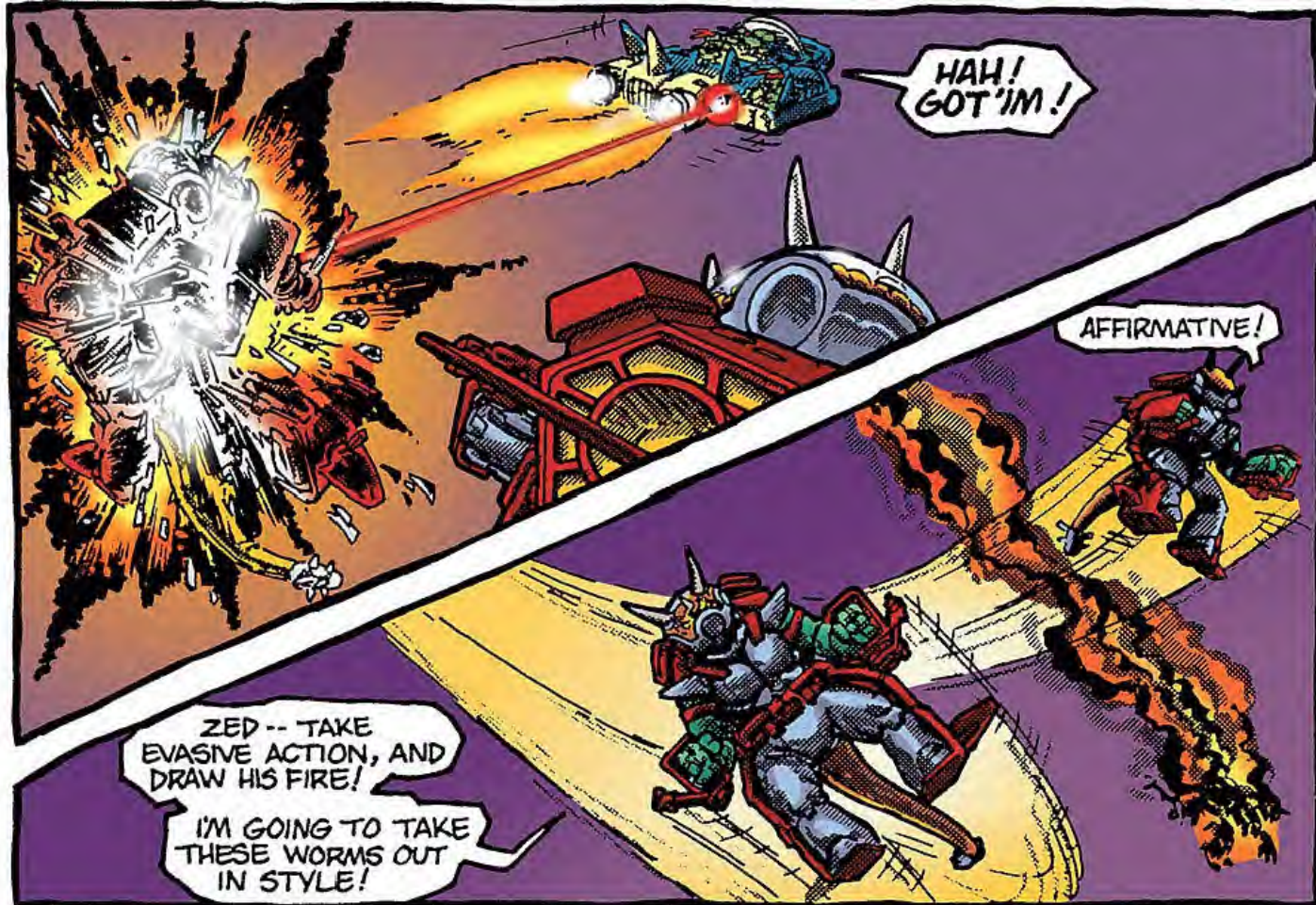
GOOD THING
I'VE STILL GOT
THIS BLASTER!



FFFFFH

WEEOW

SPWOW



HAH!
GOT 'IM!

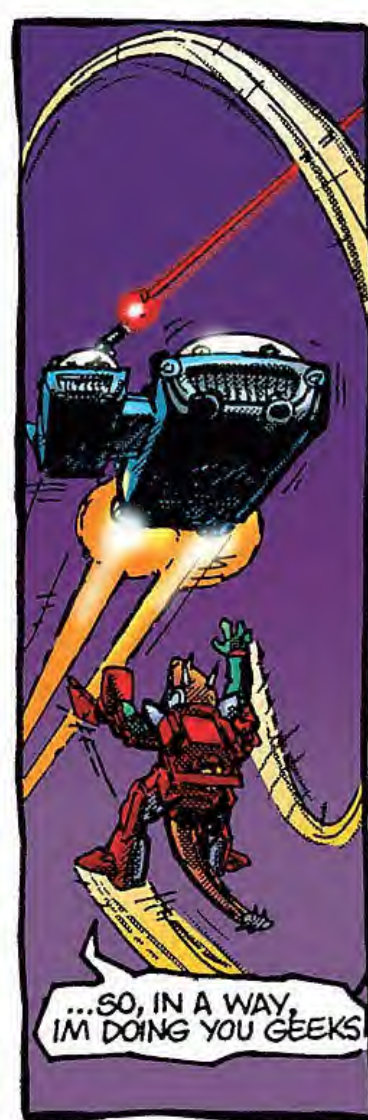
AFFIRMATIVE!

ZED -- TAKE
EVASIVE ACTION, AND
DRAW HIS FIRE!

I'M GOING TO TAKE
THESE WORMS OUT
IN STYLE!



THAT
OLD RUST-
BUCKET
SHOULDN'T
EVEN BE
IN THE AIR...



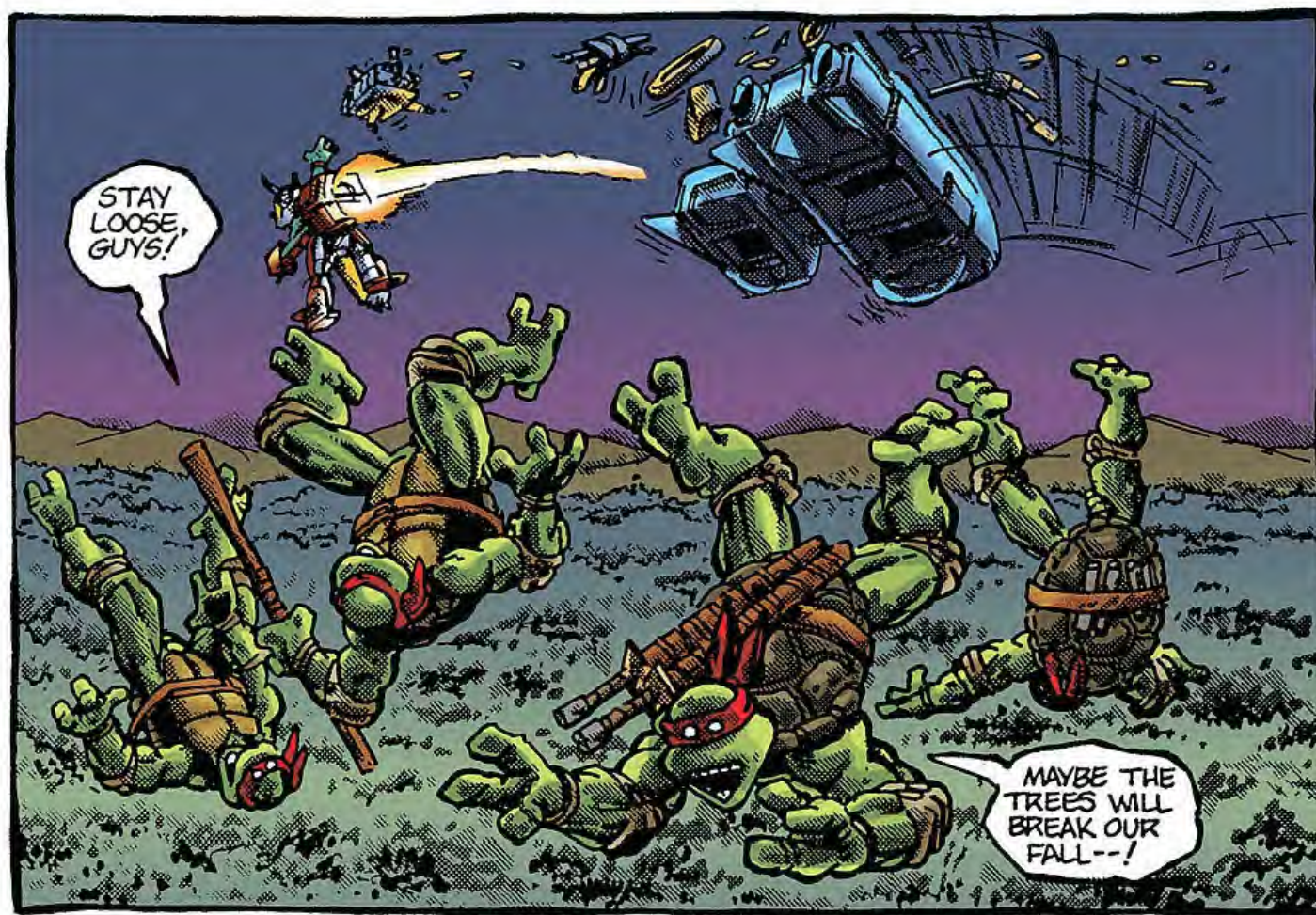
...SO, IN A WAY,
I'M DOING YOU GEEKS

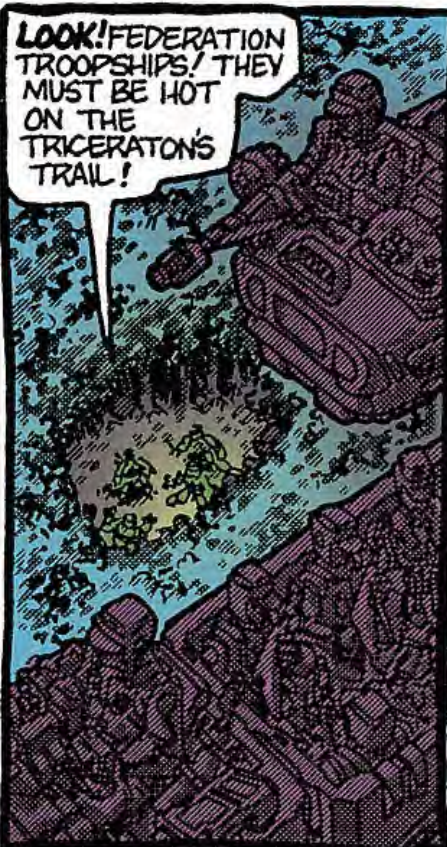


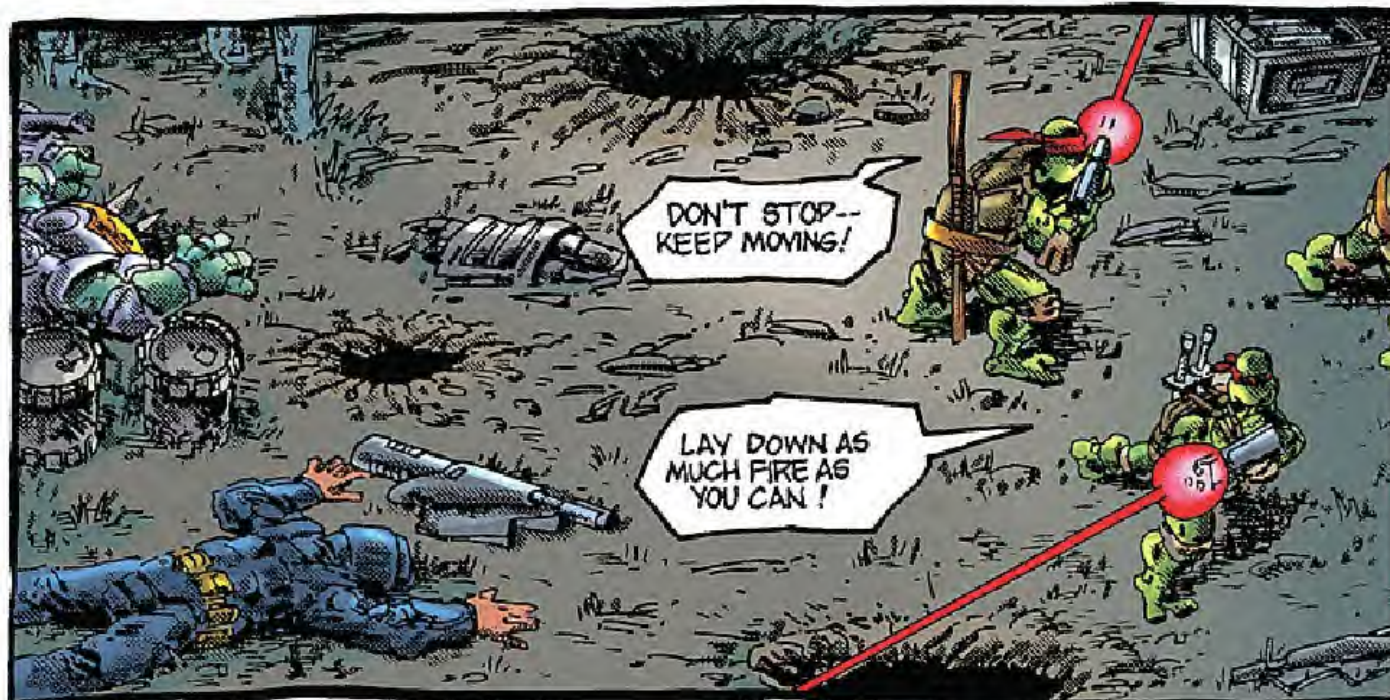
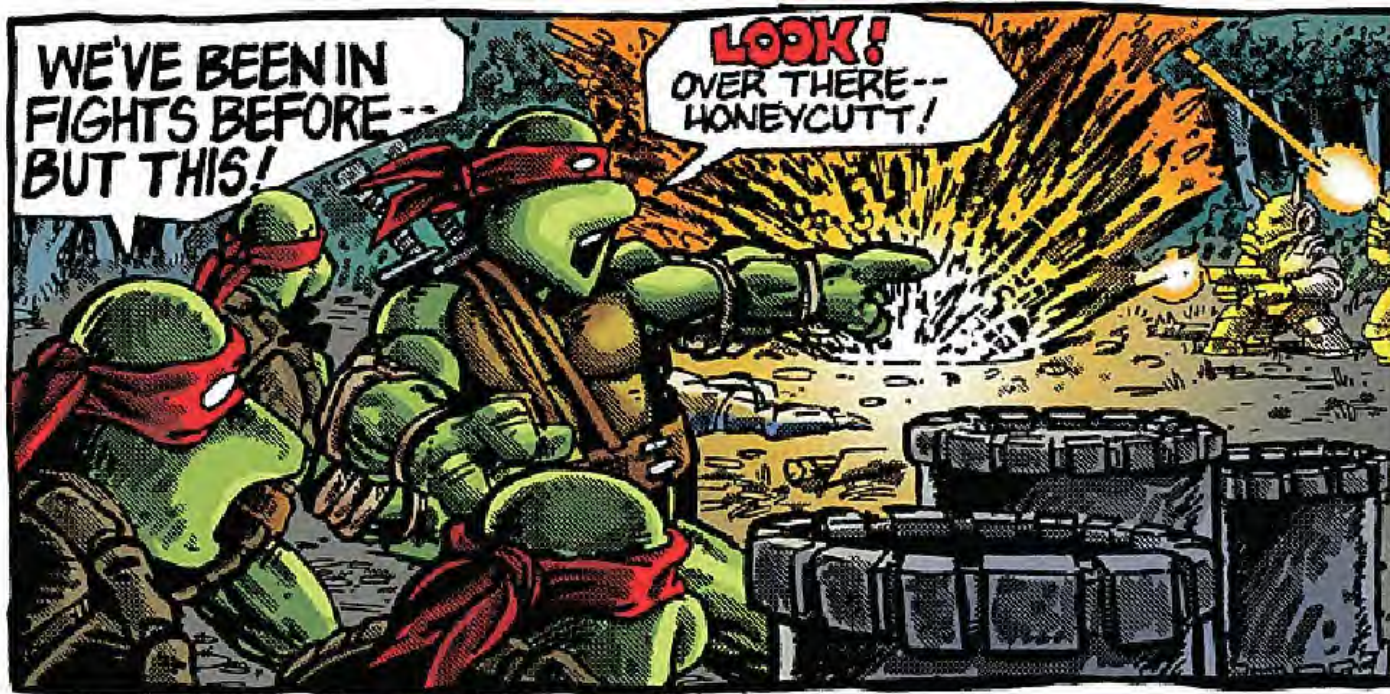
...A BIG
FAVOR!



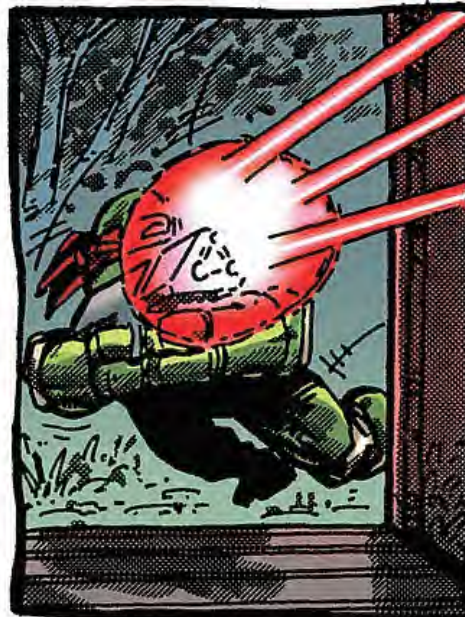
THKKK!

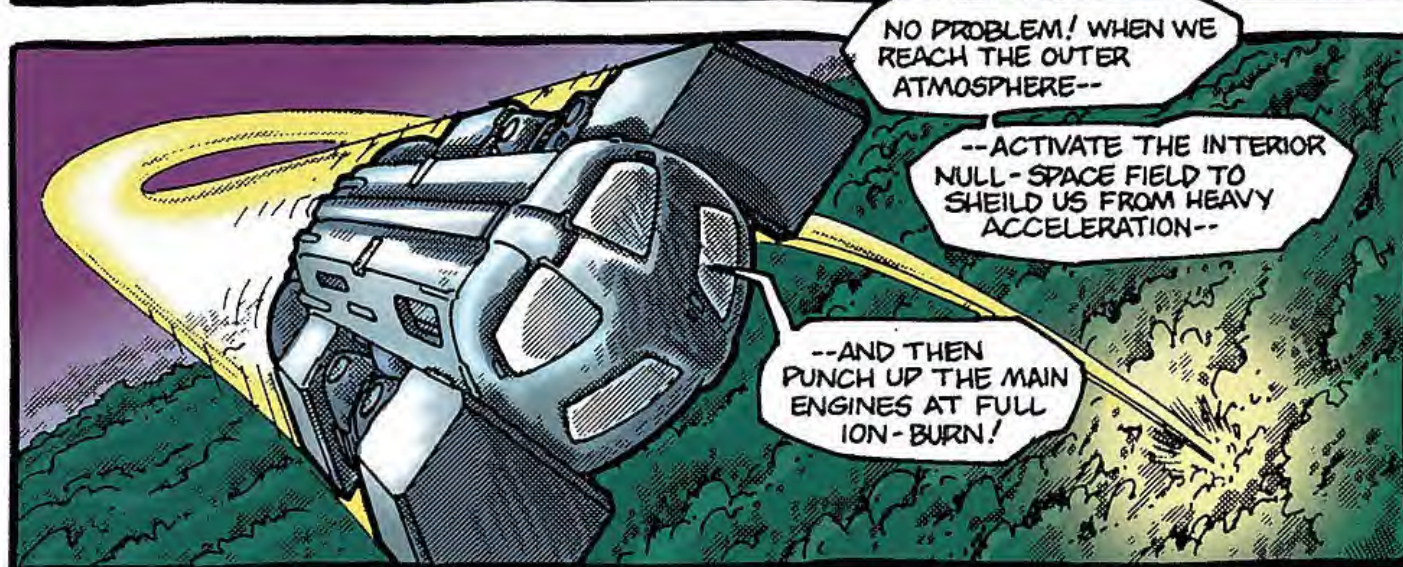
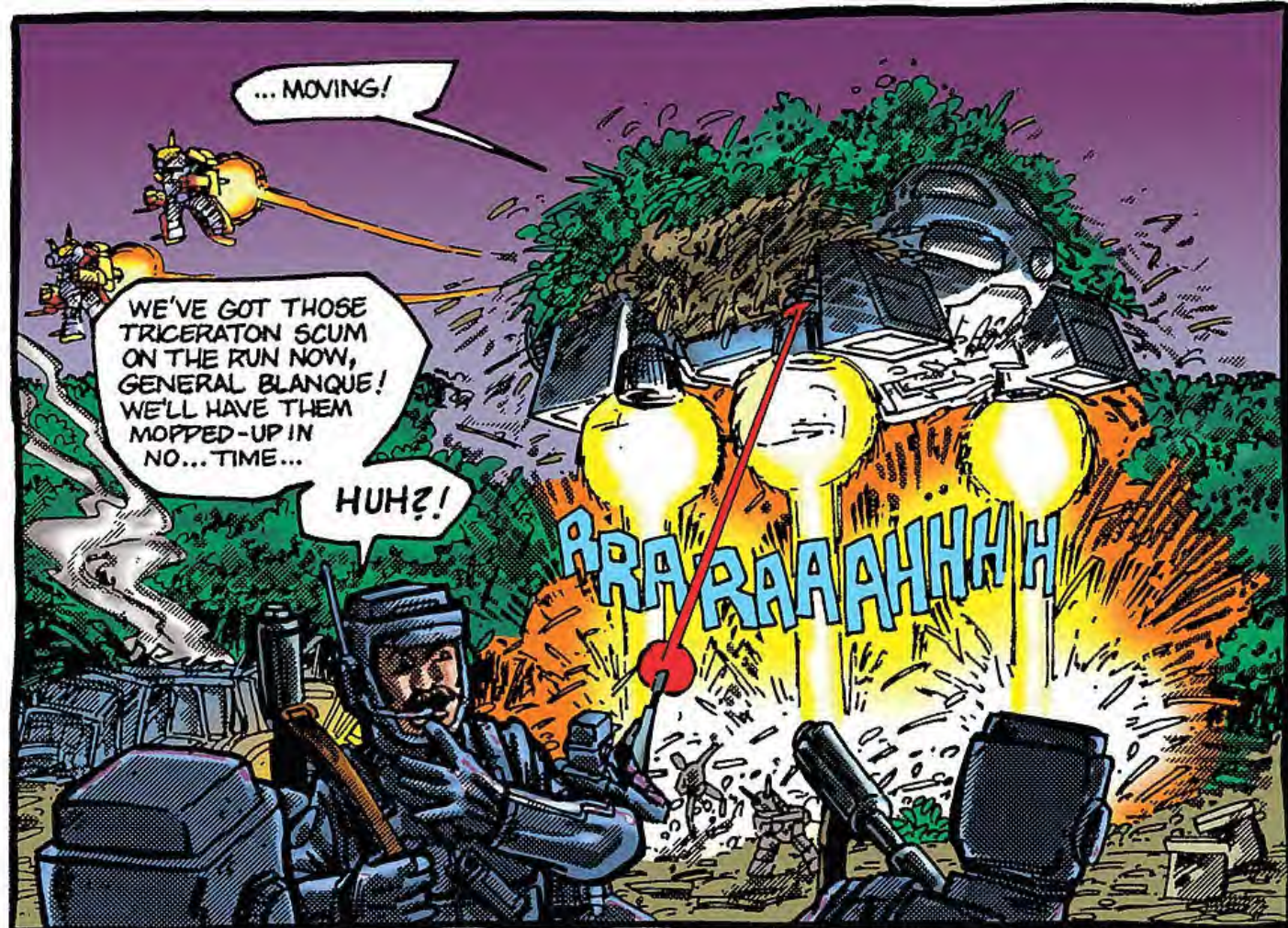


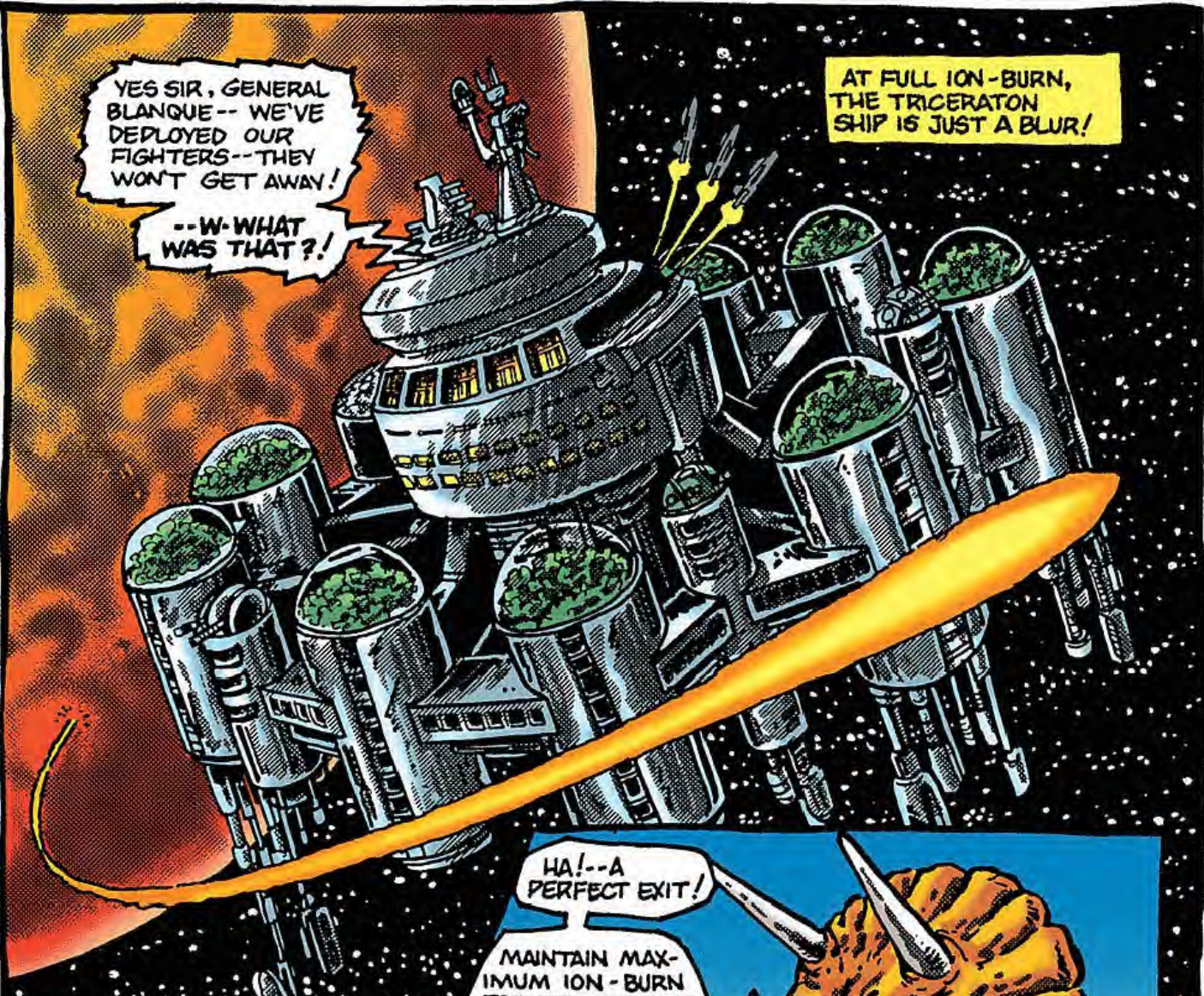













YES SIR, GENERAL
BLANQUE-- WE'VE
DEPLOYED OUR
FIGHTERS--THEY
WON'T GET AWAY!

--W-WHAT
WAS THAT?!

AT FULL ION-BURN,
THE TRICERATON
SHIP IS JUST A BLUR!

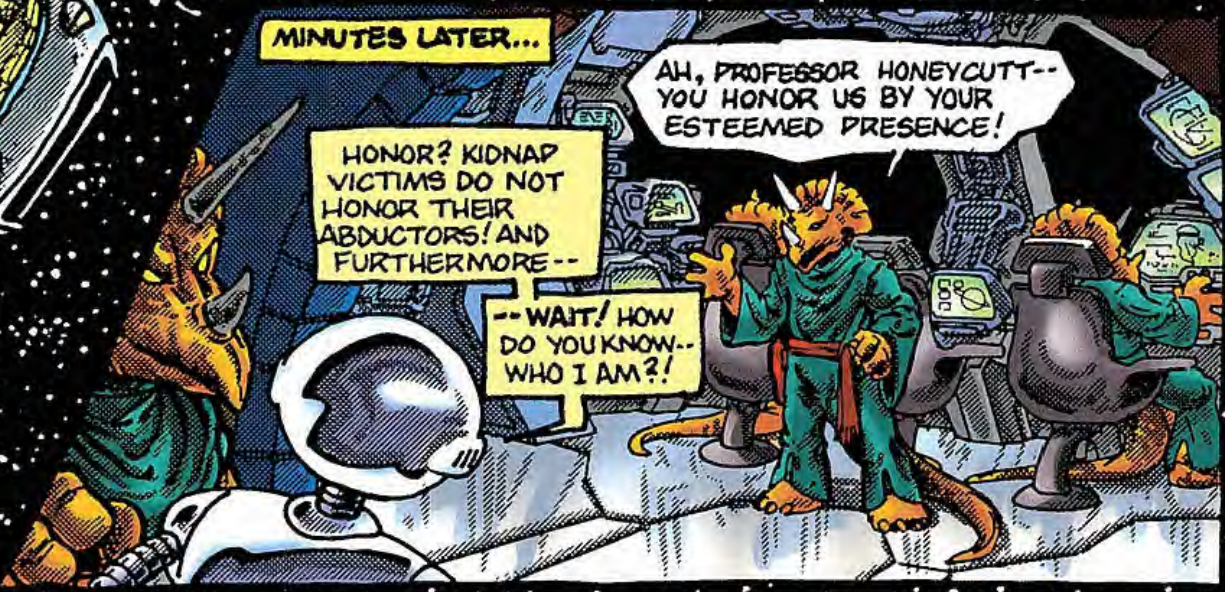


HA!--A
PERFECT EXIT!

MAINTAIN MAX-
IMUM ION-BURN
FOR TEN MINUTES,
THEN SWITCH OFF
NULL FIELD AND
GO TO CRUISING
SPEED!

--AND BRING
THE ROBOT TO
THE BRIDGE!

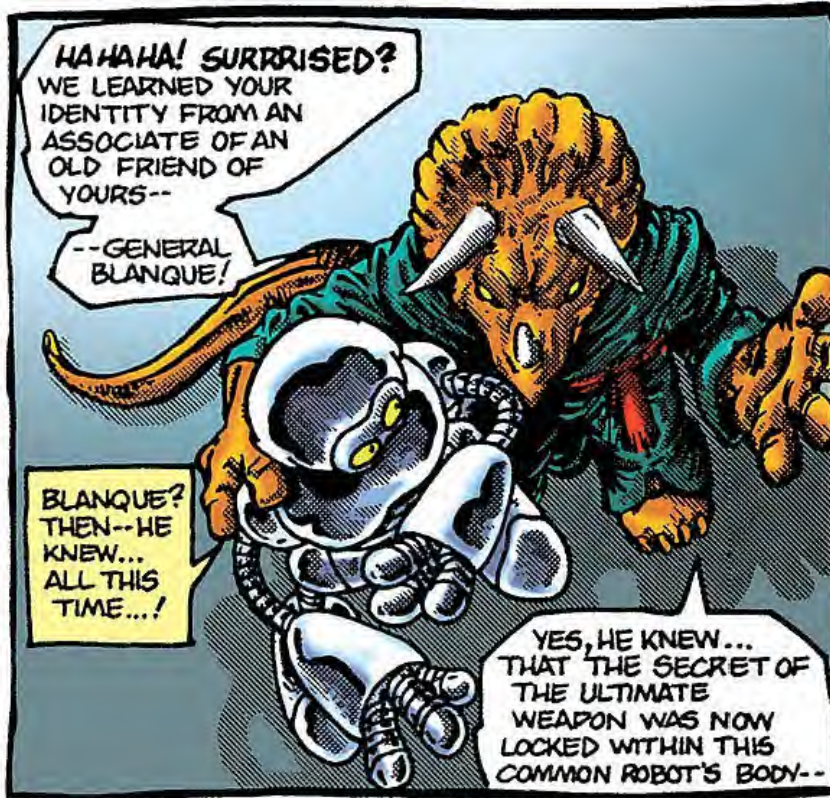
MINUTES LATER...



HONOR? KIDNAP
VICTIMS DO NOT
HONOR THEIR
ABDUCTORS! AND
FURTHERMORE--

AH, PROFESSOR HONEYCUTT--
YOU HONOR US BY YOUR
ESTEEMED PRESENCE!

--WAIT! HOW
DO YOU KNOW--
WHO I AM?!



HAHAHA! SURPRISED?
WE LEARNED YOUR
IDENTITY FROM AN
ASSOCIATE OF AN
OLD FRIEND OF
YOURS--

--GENERAL
BLANQUE!

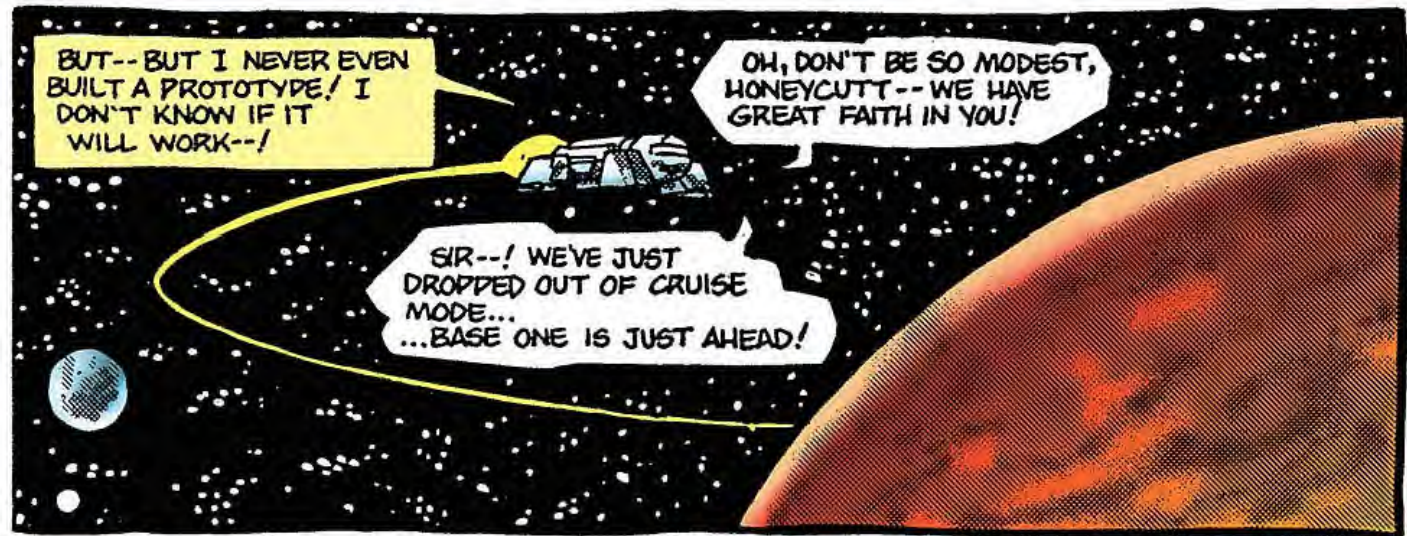
BLANQUE?
THEN--HE
KNEW...
ALL THIS
TIME...!

YES, HE KNEW...
THAT THE SECRET OF
THE ULTIMATE
WEAPON WAS NOW
LOCKED WITHIN THIS
COMMON ROBOT'S BODY--



--AND WITHIN
YOUR MIND!
I SPEAK, OF
COURSE--

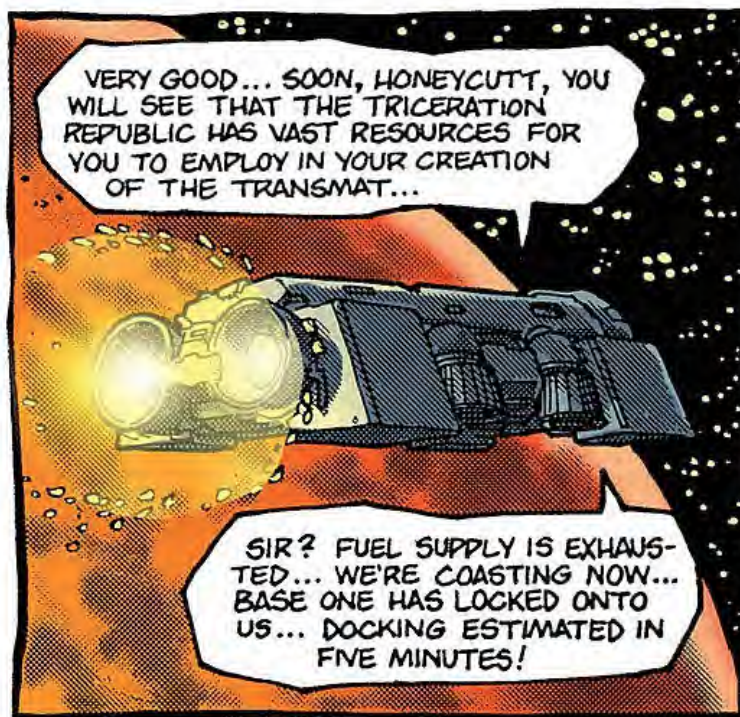
--OF THE
TRANSMAT
DEVICE!



BUT-- BUT I NEVER EVEN
BUILT A PROTOTYPE! I
DON'T KNOW IF IT
WILL WORK--!

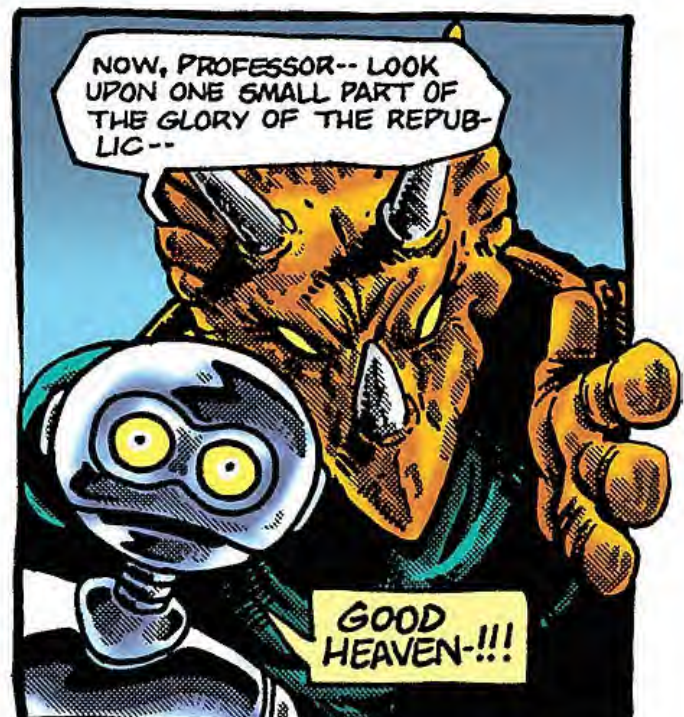
OH, DON'T BE SO MODEST,
HONEYCUTT-- WE HAVE
GREAT FAITH IN YOU!

SIR--! WE'VE JUST
DROPPED OUT OF CRUISE
MODE...
...BASE ONE IS JUST AHEAD!



VERY GOOD... SOON, HONEYCUTT, YOU
WILL SEE THAT THE TRICERATION
REPUBLIC HAS VAST RESOURCES FOR
YOU TO EMPLOY IN YOUR CREATION
OF THE TRANSMAT...

SIR? FUEL SUPPLY IS EXHAUSTED...
WE'RE COASTING NOW...
BASE ONE HAS LOCKED ONTO
US... DOCKING ESTIMATED IN
FIVE MINUTES!



NOW, PROFESSOR-- LOOK
UPON ONE SMALL PART OF
THE GLORY OF THE REPUB-
LIC--

GOOD
HEAVEN--!!!

PROFESSOR HONEYCUTT IS SPEECHLESS. AHEAD LIES THE TRICERATON BASE-- A MOBILE MOUNTAIN!

ORIGINALLY AN ASTEROID, ITS SURFACE MELTED AND HARDENED BY CLOSE EXPOSURE TO A SUN... THE INTERIOR HOLLOWED OUT, AN ENTIRE CITY BUILT WITHIN...

...KILOMETER LONG DOCKING JETTIES JUT FROM ITS SIDES... AND MASSIVE ION-DRIVE ENGINES, BUILT RIGHT INTO THE ASTEROID'S ROCKY HEART, WAIT TO PROPEL IT THROUGH THE VOID OF SPACE!

MEAN WHILE, IN A CARGO HOLD...

SO... :COUGH:
...THIS IS WHAT ZERO GRAVITY FEELS LIKE!

OK, ENOUGH :COUGH:
FOOLING AROUND!
LET'S GO :COUGH:
FIND HONEYCUTT!

HEY... AH, GUYS?
:COUGH: IS IT ME, OR IS IT :COUGH:
GETTING HARD TO BREATHE?



OH, NO!
YOU'RE COUGHING
RIGHT--

--WE'RE
COUGHING RUNNING
OUT OF AIR!

TO BE CONTINUED!!!